

SAYS
THE EDITOR

HOW ABOUT THESE NAKED
BODIES AND DIRTY FEET
IN CARMEL DAIRIES?

We were irately moved one day this week to organize a Carmel protective association against dairies and lunch places of the city which permit men, four-fifths naked and with bare, grimy feet, to sit at counters and tables in the establishments.

It occurred to us that for about ten months in the year we Carmel people keep these places alive, make it possible for them to pay their rents, and for two months in the year we are nauseated while eating our lunches by the proximity of unpleasant male nakedness and bare dirty feet.

We are open to suggestions for eradicating this outrageous situation, but in the meantime we, personally, are going to keep out of eating places where it is permitted.

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KIT WHITMAN

No matter how worthy they are who carry on there is a distinct loss to any community in the withdrawal of the founder of a valuable and successful organization.

John and Patricia Cunningham, who take over the management of the Carmel Art Institute will agree with us that the loss of the withdrawn co-founder of the organization which she started three years ago is a loss not only to that organization but to the community as well.

We agree with Mrs. Whitman that she is turning the institute over to capable and efficient hands, but that does not prevent us from lamenting the loss therein of a vitality, an enthusiasm, an ardor, and at the same time a business efficiency that, as a combination, stump our understanding. There are few women living with the combined virtues of Kit Whitman. There are none we ever knew who possessed them and lived so long.

We have known her a number of years more than she would want us to tell. She can't prevent us saying how delightful knowing her has been and is.

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THE "NO" VOTES WERE THE BASHFUL ONES

Bill Overstreet knew the outcome of the high school bond election last week before the ballots were dumped out of the box at the close of the voting. The election board knew a "No" ballot before they opened it for counting. It was easy. The "Yes" voters folded their ballots once and casually. They didn't care whether or not others knew how they voted. The "No" voters folded their ballots two and three times and carefully.

Incidentally, Bill Overstreet was responsible for The Cymbal missing the final count by 30 votes in its "Extra" edition out on the streets actually before the counting of the ballots started.

When the ballots were dumped out of the box in a heap on the table, Mrs. O. A. Holm and Mrs. Elizabeth Sullivan, two of the election officials, made two piles, "Yes" and "No" piles, as they opened the ballots and spread them preparatory to

(Continued on Page Two)

The Cymbal Has the Largest NET PAID Circulation Of Any Weekly Newspaper on the Monterey Peninsula

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol 14 • No. 13

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 28, 1941

FIVE CENTS

Alec Templeton in
Carmel Tomorrow,
Saturday



ALEC TEMPLETON

It has been discovered that Alec Templeton is the only artist who can get the classics across to the people because they will listen to him.

Nobody is certain whether or not this is because, once all ears, they find that the classics are not so dull as they have been frightened into believing. Here and there people are making independent discoveries that there is something about a sonata at that.

On the other hand, the reason might be that Alec Templeton never lets his audience down. Prepared for the best piano time they ever got; the aspect of a prelude pizzicato doesn't take the edge off things. At any instant it may go over a waterfall in a barrel.

This surprise trick is not entirely why Mr. Templeton holds his audience. He is wildly cheered when no swingphony turns up at all. He breaks attendance records throughout the season. He comes back and breaks them all over again.

Tomorrow evening the program, typically alive and unpredictable, is as follows: Lully's Prelude to Alceste, a Bach chorale, Mozart's Sonata in B Flat Major. Templeton arrangements on the first two. Rachmaninoff's Prelude in B Minor, Prokofieff's same in C Major, Vaughan Williams and Debussy (Goldfish and Gardens in the Rain) follow.

So far no boogie-woogie.

But here it comes. Ghost Rhapsody, Grieg's in a Groove, a D Flat waltz, Impressions and Improvisations. Encore.

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P.T.A. Food Sale
Clears \$110

More than \$110 was cleared at the P.T.A. food sale last week, according to Marjorie Lloyd, who, in behalf of the organization, says thank you to everybody. Especially to the cooks who took time out from their home routine to add a choice item to the fare.

Except in Carmel

When the people of Carmel's attitude toward fair play ceases at the Little Theater door there is something wrong.

At present, at Ted Kuster's Playhouse, there are three darned good one-act plays called "Still Life," "Fumed Oak," and "Hands Across the Sea." They were written by Noel Coward. They have never played to any audience anywhere without great success. Except in Carmel.

When they first appeared they re-awakened the public's all-but-dead interest in short performances. It was not an accident. These unusual snatches of life are supercharged with wit and riot, so full of vigor that you can hear the stuffed precedents (bagged by old theater huntsmen) fall off their polished plaques on all the walls of all the playwrights who hope to live by their plays hereafter.

Each one of the three plays, presented again this week-end (all three are performed each night of the three nights—Friday, Saturday and Sunday) is a corrosive. It is worth taking the time to see them eat away a lot of emotional gristle. The shallow heart is eaten, and the empty head, too, has its crumb sopped in lye.

These are not gentle plays. If you don't believe that a wife, a mother-in-law and an adenoid child can kick a patient man out of a trench he groveled into, don't see "Fumed Oak."

These are not polite plays. If you don't know a hostess repaying hospitality to people she doesn't know, because she forgot them as soon as she was through needing them, don't see "Hands Across the Sea."

These are not adolescent plays. If you were ever in love when you shouldn't have been and couldn't get over it, don't see "Still Life."

In fact, don't go to The Playhouse this week-end. And don't ever go. Why should you worry about the Stage Guild that is trying so valiantly to produce fine work in Carmel.

The current plays are excellently done, with better talent than is often available in Carmel. Don't go and encourage them. Stay home and read Harold Bell Wright.

If you want the local little theater to pass out of existence this is the time to ignore it. Three of the best one-act plays in the modern theater's history are at your own Playhouse. Eighteen of the most talented players are doing them. They won't be here after Sunday.

But don't go. Oh, no; don't go.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

Girl Killed in Pebble Beach Auto Accident

Dorothy Williams, Stanford student here for Easter vacation, was instantly killed, and Frances Sheubert, also from Stanford, was injured in an automobile accident which occurred Wednesday afternoon in Pebble Beach. The two young men with whom they were riding were not hurt.

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Bob and Irene Erickson Buy Dolores Grocery

Robert and Irene Erickson have bought the Dolores Gro-

cery from Stanley Clay and Bill Adams. Mrs. Erickson, daughter of Mrs. Mary Goold, is already on the job directing affairs and her husband will be with her on April 1 when the transfer takes legal effect.

Stanley Clay has been caught in the conscription toils. He leaves Carmel Wednesday for San Francisco where he will start his military training. Tuesday evening the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department will tender him a farewell dinner—one of those Steve Patterson dinners than which, the firemen say, there is nothing better. Billy France is heading the arrangements committee for the affair.

TO THE HONORABLE MAYOR
AND CITY COUNCIL,
Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Gentlemen:

The undersigned property owner and/or resident of Carmel is emphatically opposed to the placing of the city hall or of any building or structure of any kind on any part of Devendorf Plaza, the municipal park.

Date.....

Reilly Offers Carmel Hope In Limiting Liquor

"The lid is on for the time being," said George Reilly, member of the state board of equalization for this district, in talking with Carmel and Monterey officials the early part of this week at Del Monte about the liquor business here.

Reilly's statement came after Argyll Campbell, city attorney of Monterey, and William L. Hudson, Carmel city attorney, stated the wishes of the municipal governments of the two cities. They said that neither Monterey nor Carmel wanted any more on-sale liquor selling places; that the ones we have are ample, and that additional licenses would create a police problem.

Argyll Campbell charged the high courts of California have, by their decisions, given the State Board of Equalization almost unlimited power, so long as it is not abused, in the enforcement of the liquor laws. Campbell declared it was his opinion that the board could arbitrarily refuse new licenses and license transfers, especially into a community where a national defense emergency existed, such as "we have here."

Campbell declared that what applied to Monterey applied to Carmel and all adjacent territory near to the military centers of this area, where some 50,000 young men are in training for national defense. He cited the court's upholding of the Pacific Grove case, where there are no liquor licenses, as support of his statement that the board could deal arbitrarily, if necessary, and especially in case of emergency, with the licensing of liquor establishments.

Campbell's plea was backed by City Attorney William L. Hudson, Carmel, who said the people of Carmel were concerned greatly over the establishment of any more liquor places in that city. He pointed out the people have come to the belief that they are being discriminated against, and that their pleas are falling on deaf ears. Hudson said the city's reputation as a high-class resort is being threatened.

Reilly responded that he never had been deaf to the plea of any community, and explained that the board was guided by the advice of the attorney general's office in all such matters. The board member said that Campbell's plea presented a new light, and was well worth investigating.

"Your plea, Mr. Campbell," Reilly said, "offers new light on a very perplexing problem. I certainly am happy to have it, and I might say the members of our board never before have

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

counting. Bill Overstreet made only one pile of his. It was easy counting the "No" votes as Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Sullivan piled them. But to count them AND try to keep track of the "No" votes as Bill Overstreet opened them up was a bit beyond our journalistic ingenuity. Anyway, we came close enough for all practical purposes and The Cymbal "Extra," with the result of the election, was on the streets half an hour after the polls closed, and a newsboy carried it into the polling place before the election officials were halfway through their count of the ballots.

ANOTHER CHAIN STORE

We are to have another chain store!

The Pep Creamery has leased the quarters recently vacated by the United States post office and will soon open up there—at Ocean avenue and Mission street.

That will make five creameries or "dairies" within spitting distance of each other. And the operations of the Pep people will make it difficult for Bill Blewett, Earl Graft, Gene Ricketts and Arty Clay and Walt Pilot. Because the Pep people give you two hamburgers in one for almost nothing and put three scoops of ice cream in anything ice cream goes into.

As the Pine Cone said last week, what we need now is another newspaper.

Since writing the above we have been given some facts by Ed Ewig regarding his lease of the property to the Pep people. There was, as Ed Ewig knew, some comment around town about his renting one of his buildings to a concern which would be a competitor of another tenant of his—the McDonald Dairy.

It appears, according to Ewig, that the Pep lease was consummated only after the Pep people had agreed to buy all their milk and cream from the McDonald Dairy at wholesale and the dairy, in turn, would be sold Pep ice cream at wholesale. This may be divulging business secrets, but it perhaps should be made public to explain a transaction by a landlord that otherwise would appear unethical.

Ed Ewig also informs us that he has urged the Rep concern to remodel the front of the building and provide furnishings in keeping with the atmosphere of the town and not repeat here an atrocity such as the Pep creameries are in physical aspect.

We shall see.

By the way, Ewig informs us, also, that the name of the building at Mission and Ocean avenue, which we have so long referred to as the post office building, is Los Tijas. It means "The Tiles." There's a lot of tile work in the finishing, it appears.

DO YOU WANT A BUILDING ON DEVENDORF PLAZA?

Maybe we're wrong about it. Maybe Carmel wants the city hall building on the northern part of Devendorf Plaza, the city park, at Ocean avenue and Mission street.

We printed last week, as we are printing again in this issue, a petition to the council protesting the use of the only park in the business section as a site for a city hall, or for any building whatsoever.

We have received just 11 signed petitions to date.

That seems strange to us. We can't believe that Carmel wants to take away any portion of this green open space.

We wonder if Carmel realizes that it is the most beautiful part of the park that will be

Sixteen Adults and a Child Accomplish Unprecedented Thing at Playhouse

Sixteen men and women and one child accomplished an unprecedented thing last week-end in Carmel, and more than promise to repeat it this week-end. Never before in this man's town, and I can speak almost as an expert witness, has a dramatic incident been presented so flawlessly, from the top man down.

Again, as he has on repeated occasions in the past, Edward Kuster scores with his Noel Coward cycle of "Tonight at 8:30." The unprecedented thing was, and will be again this week-end, I am sure, that a cast of 17 human beings, amateurs, practically all of them, were all surpassingly good, surpassingly fine in fact, in the roles they were set to accomplish.

So good were they all that it is difficult to pick out one of them who exceeded the others. Perhaps it's only my heart that tosses the name "Anne Loos" around in circles between my eyes and the typewriter keys, so I'll not put the two words down for any more orchids than my mind tells me all the others are entitled to.

desecrated—the northern section. That's where the shrubs and lovely trees are. Would you exchange them for a building—a police station and jail, for instance?

The city hall, complete in itself, with all departments within its four walls, should be constructed on the 80 x 100 feet property owned by the city on the south-west corner of Seventh and Mission streets, we believe.

The structure could be set back four or five feet from the property line on Seventh and on Mission, and this strip could be planted to grass and shrubs and flowers. Two stories could be built. In the rear of the ground floor, reached by a driveway off Mission street, could be the police station and jail. In the front the tax collector, the city clerk, the building inspector. The second floor could be devoted entirely to the council chambers and committee rooms and a second office for the city clerk, and one for the auditor.

That seems to us sensible. On that property a two-story building adequate to meet the municipal department needs of the city for many years to come could be built, and solve the Carmel city hall problem forever.

In the meantime, if you do not want the only open space we have in the business section to be destroyed, sign the petition which appears on the front page of The Cymbal today, and send it in to us for presentation to the city council.

Burglars Loot Home At the Highlands

Burglars had good pickings Tuesday night at the Carmel Highlands home of Judge Mary M. Bartelme when they broke into the house and took money, bedding, clothing, jewelry and binoculars all valued at over \$200. They even took some meat, cream, butter and six cans of soup, not overlooking the maid's dime bank full of \$10 worth of dimes.

This was the second burglary in the Highlands recently as Mrs. Edward Worcester's home was looted of food, a .38 caliber pistol, blankets and binoculars.

SALES SERVICE SUPPLIES

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CARMEL Camino Real at 3rd Tel. 1914

They were jewels, those three plays—jewels as Noel Coward created them, and jewels, too, as Kuster's cast of 17 people interpreted them on the stage of the Carmel Playhouse.

As I have already named the heart interest, I'll list the others whose addresses I'd love to telephone to a florist: Aurelia Tullius, Wilma Bott, Marjorie Morton, Robert Herrick, Andre French, Malcolm Moulder, Janet Anderson (the night I saw the plays was Sue Shallcross's night off), Ellen Habenicht, Gabrielle Kuster, Connie Flavin (my fingers trembled a little on that one), Lloyd Weer, William Huggins, Alec Merivale, Eleanor Anderson, Albert Vale.

I've left one name out and I hope she notices it—the wonderful brat! I could kiss you, adenoids or no adenoids, Beverly Leidig.

(This is a hell of a review, you say. It is. I refer you to Kathryn Winslow's burning-finger editorial on the first page of this issue of The Cymbal. I would like to have had the ability to write it—I had the flaming urge.) —W. K. B.

Jim Souza, Brother of Mrs. Steve Patterson, Dies Down Coast

A week ago cattle man Jim Souza was taken to the hospital. They managed to keep him a day or two. He returned to his ranch down the coast. Wednesday night he died. There was a blood clot in a main artery. Jim couldn't breathe around it.

He leaves a daughter, Shirley, fifth grade pupil at Sunset. There are three sisters, Mrs. Steve Patterson, Mrs. Florence Silver and Mrs. Sara Cummings. Jack and Joseph are brothers. Funeral arrangements have been made with Dorney's mortuary. Mass will be read at San Carlos Mission.

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High Hat Cypress Club Golf Links Opened To the Rabble

Exclusive Cypress Point Club is opening its green to the public for the first time. The event for this exceptional departure is the windup of the Women's Circuit, opening rounds of which will be played Tuesday; finals Friday.

Players will make up their own twosomes on Tuesday. On Friday they will be paired according to their scores. There is no entrance fee but everyone must pre-enter.

Already signed up are Betty Small from Carmel, Mrs. Eric Tyrrell Martin from Pebble Beach, Jane Ruth Dowle from Oakland, and the Mesdames Arthur O. St. Clair, H. Elleser, Decker McAllister, J. C. Messersmith, and Mrs. Nora Vanderslice of San Francisco. Mesdames Frank E. Laupe, Earl Schnetz, and J. J. Jacobs

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Lindeman Sisters Here; Earn \$200 For Britain

With their charm the three smiling Lindeman sisters earned \$200 or more for Bundles for Britain. Surely graciousness is the rarest talent.

The Playhouse was crowded. Few artists have been in Carmel with more success. While the audience understood not a word of the songs of rancheros and pollos, they responded to the irresistible language of laughing eyes, smiles and gestures.

Words? Elena explained most of them before each number. Clotilde's delightful mimicry needed none. Berta's guitar spoke eloquently for itself.

Costumed magnificently in real Mexican color, they were bright as macaws. The Indians of Tehuantepec and elsewhere were never more gaily adorned than these Lindemans presented them.

The hand-carved foot stool, which Mrs. William McCabe made and gave as a door prize, was given to Miss Micaela Martinez. She was so pleased that even Frank P. Binnie was happy about it and forgave the homing pigeons which he had got at a Scotch church party when he was a boy. The pigeons, his first-won prize, promptly flew from their baskets back to their owner, which has led him ever since to hope for another door prize. The sturdy little stool looked secure enough. But Miss Martinez and not Mr. Binnie is showing it off to friends.

registered from Sacramento. Mrs. John Redfield is pledged from Beverly Hills.

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BILL ADAMS WILL REMAIN WITH US.

Whitney's

In the Heart of Carmel

Delicious Charcoal Broiled

STEAKS CHOPS CHICKEN

Luncheon 11:30 to 2:30

Dinner 5:30 to 9:30

The Carmel Cymbal

It's Girl Scout Cookie Time In April

The month of April is Girl Scout Cookie Time this year and word has come through that the cookies will be unusually delicious, made with real butter and flavored with both vanilla and chocolate. Beginning Monday, March 31, Girl Scouts will go around from door to door taking orders for pound boxes of four dozen each, which sell for 25 cents a box, the money to go towards maintaining the Scout camp at Big Sur next summer. The girls hope to sell 4500 boxes which would give them \$500 to put aside for the camp. So if you'll be needing some particularly good cookies wait and buy them from the Girl Scouts and help contribute towards a cause.

Cookie chairman for the Peninsula is Mrs. Webster Street, assisted by Mrs. William Gilmore, both of whom are from Carmel. Monterey chairmen are Mrs. Leslie Brown and Mrs. Glen Harris. In Pacific Grove, Mrs. F. P. Harbst and Mrs. Ed Schendel and in the Del Monte area, Mrs. Lester Kromholtz.

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Pilots Lose Lead In Abalones

Losing to the Shamrocks, 15 to 14, the Pilots also lost top place in the Abalone League. It was a fast game with 7 runs for the Pilots in the first inning. The Shamrocks fought back and in the seventh inning Captain Hap Hasty won the game for them with a homer.

In the second game the Tigers beat the Giants, 13 to 7 to triple tie with the Pilots and Shamrocks for league standing. Only the Giants seem to be on the losing end. They have not won a single game yet.

Next Sunday the Tigers play the Shamrocks at 2 p.m., and 3:15 p.m.

An ominous note, signed "A. H.", arrived in our office with the information that anybody who hasn't paid his dues by the Giants tackle the Pilots, at Sunday will be out of the game. Paid up substitutes will get a chance to play in their places.

It has also been decided that only tennis shoes may be worn, the spiked ball shoes being too dangerous.

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Talbert Josselyn Story In S.E.P. Yearbook

Talbert Josselyn's story, "Second Wind" will be published in the Saturday Evening Post's yearbook, "Stories of 1940," considered as "a cross-section of Post fiction." "Second Wind," which appeared in a January issue of the Post last year, is a story of the prize-fighting ring and was later sold to Warner Brothers for motion picture use.

Just to show what an honor this all is 215 fiction stories were printed in the Post during 1940 and Josselyn's piece of work was one of the 21 chosen from the 215 to appear in the yearbook.

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Dr. Wolfson will stay on for the annual convention of the American College of Physicians in the last week of April after which he will be joined by Mrs. Wolfson. They will go to New York for a short visit, then return home via the Grand Canyon.

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IN CARMEL Everybody Reads
THE CYMBAL

Kit Whitman Turns Art Institute Over to Cunninghams on Third Anniversary of Its Founding

Kit Whitman is dropping the reins that guide the Carmel Art Institute.

To other hands she is tossing the torch that has thrown the light of national recognition on the Carmel cultural organization she founded three years ago. In truth, come April 19 of this year and the Carmel Art Institute touches a match to three candles on its birthday cake.

It is on this date that Mrs. Whitman, Armin Hansen and Paul Whitman sever their active connections with the Institute, and John and Patricia Cunningham will take over its management.

During its existence, unendowed, the surprisingly large number of students for an infant institute have not, of course, brought in enough income to meet the expenses. In the role of an impresario, one which she says, "crept" upon her, Mrs. Whitman made sufficient extra money to keep the organization in the black.

"The Carmel Art Institute," she says, "has no debts. It is in good standing and recognized in the East as a small school with a high standard of instruction. In other words, it is well founded."

But it was not long after she so well founded it that Mrs. Whitman discovered it would take other income than that from the students to make it continue to go. As an impresario Mrs. Whitman has done further service to Carmel and increased its cultural life by bringing here such persons and attractions as the following:

Maudelle, the dancer; Paul McCole, pianist; the M. R. A. luncheons, the By Ford-Dick Masten production of "Where There's a Will," Don Cossack Choir, Lorita Baker Valley, Richard Dyer Bennett, lutist; Edith Lorand, violinist; Mary Cook Coward, soprano; Ruth Draper, Marian Van Tyl Dance Group; Giglio and his Twentieth Century Opera Company, Alec Templeton, George Sokolsky, Darius and Madeleine Milhaud, Ruggiero Ricci, Rachel Morton, H. V. Kaltenborn.

"The above was done as a

sideline to the Art Institute," Mrs. Whitman says. "And I feel now that I would like to have time to review what I have done during the last three years and put the running of the Carmel Art Institute into other capable hands—those of John and Patricia Cunningham.

"It is my intention to continue to manage anything that comes my way that appeals to me, and nothing else. It is great fun and would be doubly so with only the one job instead of two. My headquarters will be at Pine Inn.

"I did not mean to be an impresario. I was merely trying to make some money to keep the Art Institute going in its infancy. It was quite unconscious. But I love it!"

During the first two years of the institute's history the staff included Armin Hansen, Paul Whitman and Burton Boundey, with Anna Marie Baer (first years) and Elizabeth Dickinson White the last two years, for children's classes.

Last summer, 1940, the institute had its first summer session—12 weeks of intensive study. The staff was increased to include Finn Frolich, sculpture, and John and Patricia Cunningham, mechanics of modern art and anatomy.

During the three years of its existence the institute has had: First year, 60 adult students and 25 children; Second year, 42 adults and 23 children; Third year, to date, 61 adults, 21 children.

While Paul Whitman and Armin Hansen, who helped her found the organization, will not longer continue on its teaching staff, Mrs. Whitman will remain enthusiastically behind the institute and give it all the assistance possible.

John and Patricia Cunningham, who take over, are well known in Carmel. Both have all the necessary qualifications for teaching required by both the state and the colleges. John Cunningham was director of the Cranbrook Academy of Art in Cranbrook, Mich., for two years. Both he and his wife, Patricia, taught at Mills College during the 1935 summer session.

Blackie O'Neal Plans Soon To Open Summer Theater at Del Monte

We told you so.

Back in January The Cymbal told you about Blackie O'Neal, the famous master of ceremonies in the famous Tattlers, fooling around with a little theater idea which concerned for locale the polo clubhouse at Del Monte.

Now, it all can be told. We could have told it in detail this week for your first information if somebody hadn't leaked it Monday to Paule Speegle of the Chronicle.

Blackie told us last Saturday night about it. To save ourselves the trouble of re-composing the thing we give you Speegle's stuff in The Chronicle, as follows:

A little bird, member of the genus which tells all, just flew

into the room, handed me a slip of paper, cheeped "I'm from Del Monte," and collapsed! It's a long trip from the Monterey peninsula to this city—for a bird, anyway!

Well, sir, when I looked at the paper I knew right off that it was even more phenomenal in the ivory towers of the drama department.

A fellow named Charles O'Neal ("Blackie" to his friends, I am told), a young man who has been kicking around in the theater since he was knee-high to a stage mouse, is even now dynamically engaged in organizing a summer theatre in Del Monte.

The hotel has placed at his disposal a clubhouse which will be converted into a playhouse,

aimed at entertaining the soldiers at Fort Ord, and thereabout, but if civilian enthusiasts want to patronize the theatre—and they will!—I am sure the powers-that-be will welcome them with orchestra seats.

Now there is nothing very astonishing about the establishment of a summer theatre, until one is informed as to the product which is to be manufactured there, and then the news becomes of almost major importance, thanks to Mr. O'Neal!

The season is to open Monday, May 19, with Robert Sherwood's hilarious satire "The Road to Rome," with Helen Gaghan, no less, in the leading role, and with Henry Brandon and Douglas Wood heading the supporting cast.

Following that engagement O'Neal's group will do Oliver H. P. Garrett's new play, "The Angels Weep," with movie director John Cromwell slated to stage the production. The star of this opus is to be announced at a later date. Sorry!

The next item on the agenda—and one of the most exciting—is a run of "Family Portrait," with Judith Anderson (remember Mrs. Danvers in "Rebecca"?), portraying the role she did so magnificently in the Broadway production of this Lenore Coffee-William Cowen drama. Margaret Webster, the distinguished directress of Maurice Evans' stirring Shakespearean interpretations will probably occupy the directorial chair.

After this Miss Anderson will appear in the Forest Theater, Carmel, in Robinson Jeffers' "Tower Beyond Tragedy," early in July, and then Beulah Bondi will enact the leading role in the chilling mystery play, "Kind Lady," with Playwright Dan Totheroh staging the piece.

It's all this, and Laird Cregar, too. The large young actor, whose performance in "Oscar Wilde" led to much critical praise and a Twentieth Century-Fox contract, will make an appearance in a play not yet selected. Mr. Cregar just happens to be Mr. O'Neal's protege, since it was he who gave Laird his start in the Los Angeles production of "Oscar Wilde," later selling the show to Arthur Hutchinson, who opened it in this city.

Just a word in closing—don't let that reference to the army frighten you. The playing week is to be divided in half, with the first of the week being devoted to enlisted men only, at motion picture prices, and the second half open to the public.

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CYMBAL WANT ADS go places,
see people and do things—to 'em.

Dr. Mast Wolfson of Monterey left his Peninsula practice last week for the East where he will take a three week's course at Harvard Medical School dealing with "Advancements in Internal Medicine." This course is sponsored by the American College of Physicians and open only to fellows and associates of the college.

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March 28, 1941

CARMEL CYMBAL

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT
DEL MONTE HOTEL, HICKORY'S
NEWSSTAND, MONTEREY, AND
THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC
GROVE.**Tuberculosis Meet
At Del Monte
Thursday**

Coming to Del Monte on Thursday, the three-day annual meeting of the California Tuberculosis Association is stressing a program of national defense assistance from the health agencies whose control measures should be instituted in military mobilizations and industrial areas.

The conclave is bringing together hundreds of physicians, health officers, public health nurses and educators from all parts of California.

Noted medical workers from the east addressing the meeting at special sessions are Dr. Kendall Emerson, managing director of the National Tuberculosis Association, Dr. Brian Blades, surgeon of Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, and Dr. Arthur J. Vorwald, pathologist of Saranac, New York.

Dr. R. H. Sundberg, of San Diego, is president of the association.

Carmel Tides

March	LOW		HIGH		
	28	4:42a	0.6	11:05a	4.2
29	4:40p	1.0	11:06p	4.6	
30	5:16a	0.4	11:46a	4.0	
	5:10p	1.3	11:33p	4.6	
	5:33a	0.4	12:30p	3.9	
	5:43p	1.6			
March	HIGH		LOW		
	31	0:00m	4.5	6:32a	0.4
	1:20p	3.7		6:18p	2.0
HIGH		LOW			
1	0:30a	4.5	7:17a	0.4	
	2:14p	3.5	7:00p	2.2	
3	1:45a	4.1	9:07a	0.4	
3	3:15a	3.4	7:54a	2.4	
3	3:55a	4.1	9:07a	0.4	
4	4:20p	2.4	9:00p	2.6	
4	2:43a	4.0	10:12a	0.6	
5	5:26p	2.5	10:16p	2.6	
5	3:35a	4.0	11:14a	0.4	
6	6:28p	3.8	11:29p	2.4	
6	5:12a	4.0	12:00p	0.2	
7	7:13a	4.0			
LOW		HIGH			
7	0:31a	2.0	6:21a	4.1	
	12:57p	0.1	7:50p	4.5	
8	1:24a	1.5	7:24a	4.4	
8	1:45p	0.1	8:25p	4.8	
9	2:12a	1.0	8:21a	4.5	
9	2:26p	0.1	8:50p	4.9	
10	2:58a	0.4	9:17a	4.7	
10	3:08p	0.3	9:34p	5.2	
11	3:46a	0.2	10:12a	4.7	
11	3:51p	0.5	10:13p	5.4	
12	4:24a	-0.5	11:08a	4.6	
12	4:35p	0.9	10:51p	5.5	
13	5:23a	-0.8	12:06p	4.4	
13	5:18p	1.2	11:28p	5.4	
14	6:18a	0.8	1:06a	4.2	
14	6:08p	1.7			
HIGH		LOW			
15	0:38a	5.2	7:13a	-0.7	
15	2:10p	4.0	7:04p	2.1	
16	1:11a	4.9	8:14a	-0.5	
16	3:18p	4.0	8:11p	2.3	
17	2:14a	4.6	9:19a	-0.3	
17	4:27p	4.0	9:36p	2.4	
18	3:25a	4.3	10:28a	-0.1	
18	5:32p	4.1	11:05p	2.2	
19	4:42a	4.0	11:51a	0.1	
19	6:28p	4.3			
LOW		HIGH			
20	0:20a	2.0	5:57a	4.0	
20	12:26p	0.3	7:15p	4.5	
21	1:18a	1.6	7:03a	4.0	
21	1:13p	0.4	7:54p	4.7	
22	2:06a	1.3	8:00a	4.0	
22	1:53p	0.6	8:29p	4.8	
23	2:45a	0.9	8:50a	4.0	
23	2:29p	0.9	9:01p	4.8	
24	3:20a	0.5	9:56a	4.0	
24	3:01p	1.2	9:30p	4.8	
25	3:53p	0.3	10:20a	3.9	
25	3:25p	1.4	9:56p	4.8	
26	4:24a	0.1	11:08a	4.0	
26	4:04p	1.7	10:21p	4.8	
27	4:57a	-0.1	1:44a	3.9	
27	4:37p	1.9	10:47p	4.7	
28	5:31a	-0.2	12:28p	3.8	
28	5:11p	2.2	11:13p	4.7	
29	6:09a	-0.2	1:15a	3.7	
29	5:49p	2.3	11:42p	4.5	
30	6:50a	-0.2	2:06a	3.7	
30	6:35p	2.5			

**Carmel High
School Notes**

Known to every Carmelite is famous poet Robinson Jeffers, but in the halls of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., hangs an exhibit of photographs which is making the settings of his poems more alive to the rest of the United States. All the tremendous sweep of the mountains and sea from Carmel to San Luis Obispo Bay has been captured, the wide horizons bounded, and the play of light and shadow on the hills fixed for those who must travel in imagination.

The photographs were made under the direction of Jeffers and were to illustrate both his recent speaking tour and a new edition of his poems. The cam-

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places,
see people and do things—to 'em.

+ + +



Nig, known to his intimates as "Baby," the big, black roustabout-town, is looking several shades paler after his harrowing experience Saturday when he was selected as the "Dirtiest Dog" at the Fort Ord dog show, and was given a BATH by a bevy of beauties as the prize.

Then to top it all off, he had to pose for a picture in the bath tub, right out there before everyone! Poor Nig is still blushing.

The pride of the Doberman Pinscher set is young Kim Gibson. He is a smart, handsome youngster and belongs to Lieutenant and Mrs. Comet Gibson. Kim comes rightly by his good looks and his intelligence, for his mother is the lovely Queenie Gibson, one of our real canine beauties and his father is dashingly Addleston, whose mantle is lined with silver trophies.

Kim is only two and a half months old, but he is as smart as a whip. Already he knows the entire alphabet and can count up to ten. He is very friendly and enjoys meeting people. He is happiest when he is helping his master and mistress entertain their guests. Kim joyfully greets the guests at the door and ushers them into the house. After they are seated he trots around from one to another, making pleasant conversation, seeing that they have a good time.

An interesting visitor in the village this week was Nona Bancroft, who was here with her mistress, Miss Bancroft of Hillsborough. Charming little Nona is a Yorkshire and a cousin of Carmel's famous Misca (Pinkbow) Fraser.

Nona was telling Misca that there are three other Yorkshires in her neighborhood in Hillsborough and that they belong to friends of her mistress. Every day Nona and her mistress and the three Yorkies and their mistresses go walking together. It is a most amusing sight. In fact it was so amusing to Nona's nephew, or rather to her mistress' nephew, William Bancroft is a very successful young scenario writer in Hollywood, that he is putting the eight of them in his latest story—he is writing in a scene where the four little dogs appear walking in the park and chatting gaily, followed by the four

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women, also chatting gaily. It should be quite a scene.

Angus Condon's friends are beginning to think he must have a bit of beaver blood in him, the way he chews those fence posts. His mistress, Pat Condon, goes to the office every morning and leaves Angus in his fenced-in play yard. As soon as she has gone Angus goes to work on the fence post and by lunch time has it chewed through. Pat comes home and puts in a new post and goes back to the office—and Angus starts chewing on the new post. By five o'clock, when Pat gets home, Angus has that post chewed through.

Angus says he chews up the fence posts because he is bored. He wants to get out and go down to the office with Pat. He yearns to be a business man.

Bulletin from the War Dept—Canine M2!

Likker Mahon who has just returned from a trip to San Francisco reports:

"The best down-town watering places in that town are to be found in the park and square around the Union League Club. One also meets some very fine company in that square, such as the two Schnauzers who go about tandem and who have such excellent elevator manners at the Park."

But Likker says Carmel girls are really the nicest, and he is making his place with his girl friend up at Tenth and Lincoln, since she has such a soft voice and does not yap at him in a high tone like the fox terrier he ran into on his trip—whose mistress tried to use her as a line for the Major, Likker's master. "Such crude methods," says Likker, "as these humans use!"

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A new permanent resident of Carmel is Mrs. Rose Schasberger of New York who is the mother of Bert Taylor and who has recently bought a home on Santa Fe. In August Mrs. Schasberger will be joined by an old friend also from New York, Miss Elizabeth Languth, who will make her home at Mrs. Schasberger's.

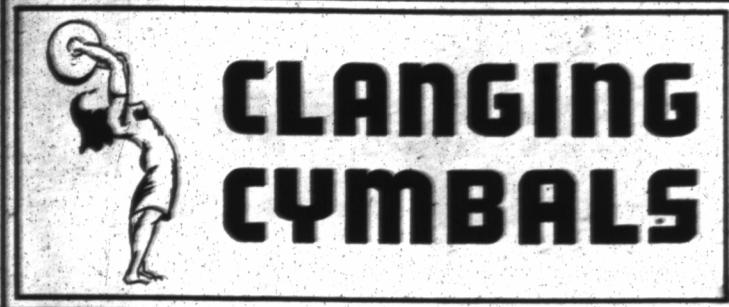
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CLANGING CYMBALS

The next theft was a half a jug of molasses.

But when Mother and I got there to investigate the crime Aunt Fanny had forgotten about it, and took us to look at her peonies.

It was a beautiful early summer morning and I remember many things about it, perhaps because I had been abroad all winter and everything at home seemed so good to me. It was always like that; everything I have ever seen in the world, all the places I have been, I have referred back to my home. I do not compare the hills of California with the hills of southern France, but with Cray and Mount Hunger and the Uncanoonacs. When I return to Fernside from any sort of wandering, it is Fernside that comes to me in sharp and ever renewed relief.

Mother standing looking at the red peonies, her eyes shining. How she loved red, that quiet, un-crimson woman. Have you bought you a new red hat, she would write me to New York. And when I said I had, she would implore me to hurry home in order that she might see my hat. You know how you attribute color to people and I might say that those she found most interesting to her were the people you could say had red in them.

Aunt Fanny's peonies had come to their full bloom overnight. Their great heads lolled over their cushion of lily-of-the-valley; they were lazy Recamiers, after an enervating night, sipping distilled sun through the lilac bush overhead.

I never seem to remember to take some of these up except when they're in full bloom. Mother sighed. I get so busy in the Fall. You remind me later, Fanny, that you promised me some. My, wouldn't I like a row of these in my front yard!

And I could see that she was thinking then of the hard full days of harvest time, and how she never could seem to get Pa to bring her a load of rich earth from the run and how difficult it seemed sometimes to get the things she wanted done. She reached down and touched one of the dew-laded blossoms and picked one lily-of-the-valley for the smell.

Aunt Fanny walked most of the way home with us, as usual, folding her hands under her apron and gesturing with them so that her belly did all the talking.

Agnes, she said, stopping still as she always did to begin a new paragraph. They want to buy my gooseneck rocker. I don't have to sell my things, do I?

Why, Fanny, don't you be silly. Of course you don't. All you have to do is say No.

They're my own things, Aunt Fanny went on in her plaintive, little-girl voice. I can remember my grandmother smoking her corn-cob pipe, sitting in that rocker with her doll. After grandpa died, she thought he was a baby and she found an old doll in the attic and rocked it by the hour, in that rocker. I ain't agoin' to sell it, so there!

And the apron went up and down in anger.

She was a pathetic little creature that last summer of her life, clinging to my mother

with the confidence and love of a child. The woman from the village brought customers from her shop to look at Aunt Fanny's things but with Mother's moral support, she refused to sell. But Agnes, I don't have to, do I? she said over and over. That little table-bell was cast for my great-great grandfather when he signed the Declaration. I guess it ain't really worth very much, but I'm used to it. Henry always liked it.

You could see that she was ill, seriously ill. Years before, she had been operated on for uterine cancer and there was little doubt of the state of her health. But she was having a second adolescence. Memory had burnished up Uncle Henry into someone fond and beautiful and she was in springtime again with him. The woman from town brought her hot soups, but she would laugh and throw them down the sink and telephone to Mother. Agnes, she would say, I feel like eating a piece of your gingerbread, if you should happen to be making some. And Mother would stop in the midst of everything and make a gingerbread.

Every now and then, something disappeared. A suit of Henry's long winter underwear had been stolen; one of her kitchen forks, the black-handled kind with the sharp tines; a pine cushion she had bought at a rummage sale. But by the time we got there, she would be fussing over the yellow rose bush that some hotfooting old sea captain of a great uncle had brought from Afghanistan, her lace cap askew and she shifting from foot to foot over the first rose.

I think I may say with truth that she had never been happier since the spring she was in love with the schoolteacher. Frank went over and got in wood for her in the morning and built her morning fire and made coffee for her. At least twice a day one of us dropped in and after supper someone went over and spent the hour before she went to bed. We had no doubt but that the old family doctor was giving her some kind of dope, for she slept a great deal and she never complained of any pain, though she must have been suffering. Her kind old brain gave her vacation from reason a good part of the time and you would find her sitting quietly on the porch by the fragrant nicotine bush, nodding and smiling, talking to Henry.

Autumn came lustrosely that year, with brilliant color. I lingered on at the farm and one October morning, after we had baked some pies out of apples from the McIntosh Red by the first barway, we wrapped one in a cloth and took it to Aunt Fanny. The woman from the village had been and gone and we found Aunt Fanny sitting on the front porch, her lace cap over one ear, crying bitterly.

Agnes, she cried, I don't have to leave my home, do I? Now what on earth are you talking about, Fanny? Of course you don't have to leave your home. What makes you say such a thing?

They want me to go to the village this winter. But I won't, Agnes. I just won't.

Mother quietened her. After a

little time, she talked reasonably about it. She knew she was very sick; she wouldn't live through the winter.

I was born in this house, Agnes, and married here. My family have died in that bed since Revolutionary times. Maybe I would live a month or two longer . . . I don't know . . . that doesn't make any difference, does it? . . . does it, Agnes?

Thus implored, my mother said, No, Fanny, I know how it is. I feel that way myself. Some day I am going to be at my work and fall dead . . . I'm going to be that way myself. . . . I have six children and a husband, but they can't change that . . . not if God is as good as He has always been to me.

A look of grave serenity came into Aunt Fanny's old face. She pushed back her cap and smiled. Yes, that's it. And I'm going to have my own things around me to look at, too. I don't know what there is in just looking at a chair you've always looked at. I guess it's like a face, isn't it. This morning, they wanted the highboy in the parlor. You'd never guess how much money they offered me for it . . . but I've got enough money . . . why, that highboy came from the Salem house when my mother's Aunt Jude was frightened to death by a witch. It's a homely old thing, but I ain't agoin' to part with it for any money. Why, this house itself . . . I guess it was build about '71; seventeen-seventy-one, you know . . .

We went in and looked at the highboy and I knew how much money some people would pay for it. I have seen a great many museums of Americana, but if someone could reconstruct Aunt Fanny's parlor as it was that day, its incredible hodgepodge, the fust and scurf of long living; if someone would make an early American room in a museum with three Currier and Ives prints, all dust, crooked on the wall; a barrel of sugar by the marbletopped table; an irrelevant capstan in one corner, surmounted precariously by an inlaid tea caddy of Indian laurel and Mozambique mahogany; a gramophone of about 1910 with stacks of cylindrical records in corners and on the shelves of the highboy; a Sears Roebuck calendar hung thigh-by-thigh with a small Rembrandt from God knows where; a piling of hooked and braided and persian rugs intertemporally on the floor; a wainscoting of pine that had been marked with a white cross for masts for His Majesty's navy when somebody unloaded tea into Boston Harbor; a Cremona in a case beside a pierglass; dusty antimacassars on chairs made by hand in Sussex some time ago . . . if anyone could assemble that room, I say, there would be a whole spirit of fine careless American life that has never been preserved before. We were not precious, those of us who came to live north of Boston; we were lusty, and we did not allow our possessions to rule us. We let them collect the patina of living as we our wrinkles and the fuzz of old age.

And, as Aunt Fanny said, they were then dear as long-used-to faces are dear, not supplantable. I don't believe our women thought of eternity and heaven without the commode by the bedside and the chamber pot in it, without the sanctuary of the gooseneck rocker where you read Godey's by the light of candles you had dipped yourself; where you still kept your thimble in the top drawer of the lowboy to mend celestial stockings with white feet to them.

Now what on earth are you talking about, Fanny? Of course you don't have to leave your home. What makes you say such a thing?

They want me to go to the village this winter. But I won't, Agnes. I just won't.

And, Agnes, Aunt Fanny said suddenly. It's about time you

took some of those peonies. You can have all you want, and now's the time to transplant them.

She was walking home with us, as usual, stopping to remind Mother of the peonies and shaking her apron up and down. She was radiantly happy. Mother had arranged her winter for her. The big front room at Fernside was to be hers any time she felt lonely; Frank was to see that her kitchen woodbox was full and the coal fire in the living room kept going. Mother would cook for her and keep an eye on her. She should be at home if she wanted to.

I think it was three days later that the woman from the village and the young lawyer came and took her away. When we tried to see her the next day, we were refused admission. That week, she died. She had made a will, dated, as I remember it, the day the lawyer visited her, leaving everything to that woman.

In my life I have had experience of one selfless person, my mother. Certainly, she hadn't expected to get Aunt Fanny's money; one's money and possessions went to the family, and there were some cousins. But she didn't either expect it to happen like that and for once in her life, she was bitterly, articulately angry. There were still two of her children to put through college and Pa had had to mortgage the farm again and she had made all those pies for years and . . .

And anyway, she'd get those peonies if it was the last thing she did.

So Frank and I started out as soon as she was asleep that night. We spaded up a long furrow in the front yard. With a wheelbarrow we carted in black soil from the lower run, manure from the barnyard, chipdirt from the old woodpile. At midnight the earth was prepared and then we clattered over to Aunt Fanny's with the wheelbarrow and a couple of spades. We took up every peony there

was and we got to giggling so we could hardly dig. We took up all the lilies-of-the-valley, too. We dug up the yellow rose bush.

By four o'clock, they were all safe at Fernside, nodding in the moonlight, making themselves at home.

We were on hand early to see how Mother took it. She always went to look at her garden after she had got the breakfast on and was waiting for Father to finish his morning chores. We saw her stop short, staring at that new slit in the earth. Then she began to laugh.

We all laughed. We laughed until we cried and had to sit down to ease our stomachs. Father came from the barn, and he laughed.

It's a wonderful old simple, that laughter. It grows all over the place at Fernside and cures everything.

—LYNDA SARGENT



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March 28, 1941

The FIRST GALLEY

With all this talk of half-finished schools and things it should have occurred to me before this that I also have something to finish.

I started to take you for a ride in this column, a few weeks ago—a ride from Market Square, in Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Plum Island on the Atlantic. But I left you just on the point of turning the corner from Middle street into Federal. Federal was once Newburyport's Camino Real, or King's Highway. It runs south to north, down the slope to the river, and our open car merely crosses it at an upward slant to round another corner into School street.

One of our most interesting old churches sits blankly white on the corner of Federal and School streets. We didn't give it much thought in those hot summer days as we swung past it, the motorman dong-dong-donging his warning bell, but much history took place in this old building. It was erected as the First Presbyterian Meeting House, way back in 1756. One of its clergymen, the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, is said to have called from the pulpit for volunteers in the Revolution, and so eloquently that he raised a company then and there in its broad center aisle. And one Sunday morning in September of 1775 the angular, straight-backed box pews were colorfully filled with uniformed men. They were part of the troops enlisted for the expedition to Quebec which started from Newburyport under Benedict Arnold. What we knew best and what tourists still are most interested in is the fact that the revivalist, George Whitefield, once thundered his sermons from this pulpit, and that down in a gloomy vault under the church rest his bones.

Next to the church, around the corner on School street, stands the plain frame house where the famous Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, was born.

Well, that's all the history for today, children. Let's go!

We're now on School street, which is only a single block long but contains one special point of personal interest to the little girl on the trolley. It is a big red brick building on the right hand side—the Jackman School. There it stands, aloof and indifferent, with all its quiet empty rooms dreaming through the long summer vacation. It has no power over me now, but soon enough it will assert its authority. Secure and superior I sail gaily past it toward the joys of freedom in sun and wind and sand and sea.

Again the motorman's heavy leather sole bangs down on his bell and we swing up into and across Lime street. And now we're in more familiar territory for at the head of this street stands our own home and most of our journeys to Plum Island start with a walk down Lime street and a wait for the car on the corner of Purchase street. I think of it as Goodwin's corner because so long as I can remember the grocery store had been there.

Close along the curbing runs the car track again, with shady trees and shuttered houses and white picket fences and long grass and weeds and summer garden flowers blazing everywhere in the hot sunshine. We cross several narrow little streets giving glimpses of the river at our left—and here we are at another corner, swinging

this time, not farther away from the river but straight down Marlboro to Water street and the first real whiff of the clam flats.

Ah, this is what I've been looking forward to since I climbed eagerly on board, this never-fading thrill of the open water. But first, before we leave the city quite behind, we jounce and sway down the curving dirt street parallel to the river. Old weatherbeaten houses are only a step from the track and they sit on the edge of the sea wall between it and the river. Below their back fences lies spread out the mile-wide mouth of the Merrimac, punctuated by the red and black channel markers and the sharp red point of Ben Butler's toothpick far across on the Salisbury shore.

Just before we reach the open place where there is no longer anything manbuilt between us and the water, we clang past the clam shanties, so close we almost run over the toes of the old men who sit in the open doors, patiently and eternally shucking clams.

The shanties used to be really picturesque little gray shingle and clapboard huts, following the curve of the track and leaning at all sorts of crazy angles. They were perched precariously on the embankment, with water lapping at their backs at high tide, or with the black oozy mud of low tide five feet below them. Artists painted these shanties and photographers chose them among the first local views when picture post cards came into existence.

Across the road from the clam shanties stands the gas tank, mingling its particular odor with the pungent smell of dead clams and heavy black ooze from the river. It sounds pretty awful, and some people really thought it was awful—but I can never remember a time that I didn't sniff that familiar odor with delight. It stood so definitely for the opening of the gates of my personal summer paradise.

The clam industry has had its ups and downs, and storms and time have laid ungentle hands on the rickety little structures so that most of the original shanties have disappeared. There are only four now and they are a little too firm of outline to be quite so lovable as the ones we used to know.

Now we leave our last street behind when we have passed the foot of Ocean avenue, a tree-shaded country lane which has nothing in common with Carmel's bustling business street except the name.

On our right lies a typical New England landscape of meadows and fields bordered with rambling stone walls and woods in the distance. Sweet fern and hay send a sun-warmed fragrance to our nostrils, meeting and blending with the breath of wild roses along the dusty road. Salt marshes are spreading out on our left.

And here is the "turn-out" where we must pass the car

coming up from the island. There is always a thrill about this bit of business, like two ships meeting at sea. Whichever direction we're going, we feel sorry for the passengers in the other car. Once in a great while the two cars reach the short stretch of double tracks at the same time. This is an event, really rather rare. Usually we sit and wait, gasping for breath in the still hot air and fighting the determined onslaught of mosquitoes, greenheads and midgets which rise up from the grass and fall upon us. I feel a little more resigned to the ugly long black stockings so reluctantly put on for the trip to town.

Once past this final stop the motorman gives her all she can take and we go tearing along the uneven roadbed at a terrifying speed that jolts and bumps and shakes me till my teeth rattle and I cling with fearful grip to the post beside me.

Marshes, streaked in greens and russets with a lovely pattern of silver and blue creeks embroidered on them and dotted with tawny haystacks, spread out to the south as far as eye can see. The road runs straight across toward the long low sand hills of our destination.

Plumbush Creek . . . with shocking glimpses of skinny naked boys diving into the swimming hole close to the shore . . . Mosquito Park, facetiously named cluster of duck hunters' shacks . . . Plum Island River bridge, the long wooden, rough-planked bridge across the deep cold current between high mudbanks and stiff marsh grass . . . the old Plum Island hotel, encircled with piazzas and adorned with windows and gingerbread scalloping, like a thousand other beach hotels up and down the coast . . . and now at last, dirt no longer, but yellow sand everywhere . . . and finally, on the ocean front, the pavilion, sleepy looking in the morning quiet.

I sit up electrified and sniff and take delicious long gulps of the refreshing breeze. This is what I was hoping for, this glorious east wind blowing right off the miles of cool blue Atlantic ocean. It is too gentle and lazy a breeze to do more than fan the faces of the cottages that sit on the sandy hills along the shore, and so there was no taste of it until our car reached the turn.

A few minutes later I jump off on the platform at our own cottage back door where I am met by other members of the family who seize upon the basket of provisions and the library books and the bunch of nasturtiums and the bag of jelly beans or hard candy from Austin's. And while I peel off

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the long black stockings I assure them all happily, "Not a breath of air uptown. It's like an oven. My, it's good to get back to an east wind. Is the tide right for bathing yet?"

—CONSTANT EATER
+ + +

Mrs. Burnett's Tango and Rumbaists Meet Next On April 11

Mrs. Theodore Burnett's Friday Night Dance Group will take their Rumba and French tango to the Art Gallery room on the mezzanine floor at Del Monte tonight. The next meeting is Friday, April 11, and fortnightly thereafter. Nearly half a hundred attended. Lots of rhumba.

+ + +
Flower Arrangement Class Meets Wednesdays

Mrs. John Pasmore's home at Tenth and Dolores streets will be the meeting place for Mrs. Helen E. Poulsen's flower arrangement class next week. This group gathers, taking flowers and greens with it, at the homes of members on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 to study the problems and possibilities of individual settings with each member participating in the work of preparing and arranging flowers.

+ + +
Deborah Tolman and Jeannot Lowenberg were here last weekend.

Ronald Telfer Brilliant In 'Cugat' Reading

You did hear what Howie gave Edie!

And I thought Ronald Telfer trying on the Schiparelli at Max's Chic Shoppe was the funniest thing I ever heard.

I thought the day Mr. Cugat stayed home with a cold was a scream, simply a scream.

All four of the skits were terribly funny. "For Richer, For Poorer," "Forsaking All Others" . . .

And what a crowd there was! Well, you know Ronald Telfer always draws a crowd.

I know the money goes to a good purpose. Milk and lunches for underprivileged children. Eye glasses, teeth fixed, doctor bills, clothes . . .

—K. W.

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SPINDLING IT OFF

GHOST TOWN — that's what they call it, that part of town where the post office used to be with the continual whirlpool of cars, milling people, dogs, and newsboys and which now in contrast is so quiet that it looks as though a street icer had just done a Paul Revere run shouting, "Cholera!" But it's not that bad at all and none of the merchants in that locale complains of having lost any business; in fact, some even say it's better. The eating places find that they have a more expensive trade now, not just the big timers who drop in for a five cent bar of candy, but customers who blow themselves to sandwiches and hamburgers. Apparently the removal of the mail center has cleared the streets and made parking so much better that business is spread out more evenly through the day rather than concentrated at certain times. So on the surface it may look pretty quiet and deserted, but things are really booming and getting along very nicely.

+

The Kite Festival has come and gone, and it was a great afternoon for everyone — kite-flyers and non-kite-flyers. The general picture of flyers busy untangling their lines — the sky traffic was terrific. Mothers and fathers running frantically trying to get their young offspring's kites up, but by the time they had them up the children had lost interest and were looking the other way; proud kite owners, dejected owners, angry owners, wobbly kites, sure-fire kites, lame kites, swan-like kites which went up with the greatest of ease. All a colorful spring time pageant of tissue paper and string.

+

SIGHT OF THE WEEK: The formal ushering in of Spring by the galaxy of dark glasses, bare legs, shorts, convertible coupes bulging with sunburned faces, light blue slacks, beach hats, bicycle riders, the stepping-on-eggs gait of the barefooted walker, the low intimate conversations carried on from one side of Ocean to the other. Excitement and color and shorts. Lots of shorts. That's what does it — the shorts. How easily Carmel stepped from winter into summer just with a few shorts.

The kaleidoscopic signs of Easter vacations.

+

One college boy had just finished his final examination in a speech course and quickly removing himself from the painful scholastic memories had come to Carmel for a week. On the beach that afternoon he casually asked his friends where the larynx was located, for that had been one of the questions. When told that the larynx was located in the throat his day was pretty well damped. Not wanting to take any chances he had said that the larynx was located "throughout the body."

+

The melodious, blending tones of the \$40,000 Belgian carillon which the people of Belgium presented out of gratitude to Herbert Hoover is now being tested and is ringing intermittently over the Stanford campus from the belfry of the new Hoover War Library to be officially opened in June. These 35 bells ranging in weight from one which is 1,250 pounds to one which is 25, were crated out here from the New York World's Fair and are supposed to be the finest sounding ones in the world.

The electric drum has four

tunes, two of which will be "Hail, Stanford, Hail" and "Frere Jacques." Bells playing a melody are quite a novelty to students who are used to hearing the plain ding-donging of the old bells. One really musically minded soul is waiting for the carillon to swing into "Tuxedo Junction" or "Beat Me Daddy."

+

SKATE YOUR DATE: Although it's a little hard to picture our foremost citizens slinging their skates over their shoulders and heaving themselves over the hill for a whirl on the ice, fundamentally perhaps it's not a bad idea. Some newcomers were the ones to bring forth this suggestion as golf, tennis, riding, swimming, polo, badminton, all aren't quite enough for those winter sports lovers who suddenly find themselves in a land of sunshine and rain, devoid of any frozen matter — they want an ice skating rink. And they want one right here on the Peninsula. The enthusiasts think if someone had some money and nothing to do and could pull himself out of such a Utopia that it looks like a good investment since there's a portable ice skating arrangement sitting over in Honolulu whose cost would add up to something like \$7,000 delivered here.

Several years ago a proposition like this to make a home for an ice skating rink on the Enchanted Peninsula would have sounded like nothing short of a figure-eighter's wildest pipe dream, but if there can be a Ski Land right in the heart of downtown San Francisco then an ice skating rink in Monterey is not the impossible. Bakersfield and San Jose have put skates on lately and could be said to have scored rink successes — even if in the scorching summer weather of the valley the Bakersfield rink is crowded with non-skaters who have no intention of skating but who just sit and relish the cool radiations from the ice. So it's not unlikely that eventually Carmel will sometime be operating the slogan, Skate Your Date.

+

Through the doorway you go. No, you didn't step on anything and you didn't touch anything, but a gong went off just the same. Pretty uncanny. You try

it again before someone appears to wait on you and then you realize that Carmel has a Magic Eye — three of them. One at the Carmel Drug, one at the liquor annex of the Carmel Grocery and another at the Dolores Pharmacy. You break the invisible beam by crossing through it and off goes a gong and in comes a storekeeper. They may be almost the last word in mechanical gadgets, but they also have their disadvantages for lots of times a dog's tail is high enough to break the beam and set off frequent false alarms, and besides that the gadget has a special fascination for children. Back and forth they go and bring all their friends along to play and keep the gong going incessantly.

Science is marvelous, but human nature must be reckoned with, too.

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON

+ + +

Wayfarer Church Will Honor Memory of Clara Hinds

The morning service at the Church of the Wayfarer next Sunday will be a memorial service in loving tribute to Miss Clara G. Hinds who passed away last Friday. In conformity with her philosophy of life, there will be "no sadness of farewell," in the service, but the note of sane cheerfulness and helpfulness which characterized her life. She devoted her rare abilities to the League of Women Voters and the Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross, as well as to the Church of the Wayfarer, of which she was a devoted member. The sermon by Dr. James E. Crowther will be on the theme, "When Life Becomes Complete." Mr. Robert Stanton will sing, "Where'er You Walk," by Handel. The organ selections will be, "Arioso," by Handel; "Nocturne," by Schumann; "Romance," by Wieniawski; "Processional," by Wagner. The public is invited to share in this service of worthy tribute, which begins at 11 o'clock.

+ + +

Dougherty Painting Is Prize Winner in East

At the 115th annual exhibition of the National Academy in New York, Paul Dougherty's oil, Fishermen at Midday, won the Palmer Memorial Prize. The painting, reproduced from a photograph of Horace Lyon's, is on the first page of the Mar. 15 issue of Art Digest. With the prize, there is a cash award of \$450, incidentally.

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Miss Clara G. Hinds Dies in S. F.

Church of the Wayfarer. A native of Massachusetts, Miss Hinds came to Carmel more than ten years ago after being a teacher of English in a Boston school. Cremation services were held in San Francisco, after which the ashes were returned to Carmel to be scattered in the garden of her Junipero street home.

+ + +
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New and Re-Glorified Pine Inn Throws Wide Its Doors To

A small hotel in the country, sunny and quiet, where acacias and white geraniums grow in the garden, where lunch is served under crisp white parasols in a patio walled with lime-aged brick. There the dwarf trees, laden with lemons and oranges, are primly set in boxes.

This morning, when you arrived, you were wearing a linen duster, a visored cap, gloves and goggles. She wore the same, with a lavender scarf tied under her chin. The Apperson had been taken around to the blacksmith's. They wheeled it. None dared trifle with its gasoline propensities.

For the first time you wrote Mr. and Mrs. Then you followed the boy with your bags up the piled - plush carpeted stairs.

Turkey red. She noticed. Her eyes were there.

At lunch you were fascinated with the pearl ear-drops she was wearing. You tried to order the nicest things. Fried oysters and corn pudding. Preserved blackberries with the hot biscuits. You sat in the windowed bow and the wall paper waltzed behind you. White doves, fir trees, red roses and nosegays. There were bird cages about.

Evening in the lobby. You drew your easy chairs to the precise little iron stoves poised on their paws so daintily.

Later. "Champagne, sir? In the parlor, if you please, sir." The ruby damask walls were sleek as satin as they sheened light from off the fire. A small white mantel, low on the wall,

holding a few handfuls of coals. Chairs downy and deep in the lingering hour.

Perhaps these things come back to you now, many years later and you both want to spend a second honeymoon in a small country hotel with its reminiscent damask and plush.

Pine Inn was designed especially for you. Ivy green and white are the papered walls, cascading festoons from picture molding to baseboard. The good beds are chintz canopied, tasseled and as saucy as they were four decades ago. Just a little hood over the head of the bed, out of which spray huge red roses on cream, or loose little bunches of moss roses on nile, calico prints or tight plaids. Bureaus with marble tops, lamps with cut glass bowls, velvet slipper chairs, Currier and Ives' and satin quilts and throw rugs.

You will look for a celluloid collar or a petticoat to wear so

as not to lose the spirit of the thing.

Yet, with all the Victorian manner so deftly caught in materials, colors, marble tops and iron foot stoves, there is much dignity and comfort throughout this new Pine Inn. For instance, although the dining room china is old-fashioned white, there is a splash of red geraniums flung over it in a careless scatter. While the halls are thick under foot with deepest red plush, and lit with frosted gas-jet globes, the bathrooms are ultra-modern, large and with the unusual color note of having their tile floors match the clipper chairs in the rooms which they adjoin.

In analysis, Pine Inn is not casual. Jon Konigshofer, the designer, is a believer in compatibility. James K. Mills, the decorator, is a believer in subtlety. Harrison Godwin, the owner, is a believer in his guests. So, in the functional

places where practical counts, the guests may have most in comfort and convenience without erasing a jot

Pine Inn Shops Keep Theme of the Main

Pine Inn's shops are kept to the provincial theme of main building, echoing mandolin turn of the century. Circling the patio, each keeps toe-hold on either Ocean, Lincoln or Sixth. While they bear their redwood awnings to lunching guests, they also bring their window boxes to passersby on the street.

Nine shops will be occupied April 1. These are Bill Bryan photographic studio, Bay Ray Transit Company, Loava Carter's frocks, Anthony Jandl beauty Salon, Marian Kingland's books, Rene McDonald's intimate apparel, Lloyd Lemon pets and sporting goods, Monte Properties and J. Konigshofer, designer of new building.

Queen Victoria and Harrison Godwin notwithstanding, Bill Bryan's tinted photographs

Dom Gregory Has Paintings on Exhibit in S.F.

A collection of the mystic paintings and religious portraits of Dom Gregory De Waele is now on exhibition at the San Fran

About a year ago, Dom Gregory came to Carmel to rest at the suggestion of his friend Xavier Martinez. He took a garden cottage on the point; lived there quietly, nourishing his soul.

Noel Sullivan, his friend, introduced him to people. Whitman persuaded him to teach at the Art Institute. His Indian frescoes reverberated national acclaim. He is happy to have come to America to do a mural of the Stations of the Cross at St. Meinrad's Abbey, near Indianapolis, but distinction does not move Dom Gregory.

"The spiritual life is never exhausted." This is a tenet which he builds his art. It also his life.

Dom Gregory is a Benedictine Monk of the Abbey Mont Cassin in Louvain, Belgium. His work was first shown in Holland in 1926 and was warmly received. He came to America three years ago to paint the St. Meinrad frescoes. He also designed and executed the private chapel of the Bishop of Indianapolis.

His designs for stained glass windows in the St. Meinrad chapel are as famous as his frescoes there. In Holland, the distinguished monk created designs in glass which, by coincidence, two shops in Carmel have in stock.

His Madonnas are especially noteworthy. A number of them were painted here. Several took up to the show.

Among his secular portraits are three of the Eyre family. Mrs. Wilfred Eyre, and the children, Jane and Richard.

+ + +

A surprise luncheon for Mrs. Elizabeth Frymire was given last Tuesday by Mrs. C. J. H. Sewell at Rutgershold. Guests were Mrs. O. Lowell, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. J. W. Dickinson, Mrs. B. Adams, Misses E. Hammond, F. Gifford, Alma Edie Dacey Gaw and Polly Gaw. Mrs. Frymire's birthday and she was showered with handkerchiefs.

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Tuesday; Harrison Godwin Has Done a Remarkably Fine Job

decorator Mills' color.

In other words, the little country hotel has a Harper's Bazaar cover.

Keeping Provincial Main Building

their contrasted mounts will be the motif of that studio. There will be no space for a sailing ship in a bottle on a whatnot. Instead, there will be tripods, cameras, lights, sinks, acids, portfolios and Eric Coster with a desk full of publicity.

Marian Kingsland will take the Game Cock Lending Library into a natural room which might be part of your own home, if you have a library in it. Books everywhere, shelves of them, tables of them, informally arranged and temptingly browsy.

Yet a room full of books, flowers, people, is still incomplete without a dog or two sunning their fur or lifting their ears to be scratched. Particularly not a Marian Kingsland room. At least one terrier will be there to remind us that the Walscroft Kennels have puppies and grown stock always

for sale.

Rene McDonald is decorating her shop as a boudoir. Velvet carpeting, salmon pink walls, feminine and personal touches in settees, pretty little tables and petaly lamps, lend their appropriateness to the lingerie, foundation garments and hoseery which the shop will carry.

In addition, there will be patio and beach clothing, much of which is being made for Mrs. McDonald now in Honolulu. These authentic native designs will be in colors of hibiscus (there are 2300 varieties on Oahu) and will have that special vacation allure of things created in tropical rhythm.

Coming down from the Nellie Gaffney shop in San Francisco, Mrs. Wynn Kiel will assist Mrs. McDonald.

Del Monte Properties are occupying the imposing corner offices at Ocean and Lincoln. Gladys Johnston is bringing another salesman in to assist her and Don Clampett. More

shorthand for Sally. No statements as to early Watsonville or Salinas marble top was forthcoming.

Bay Rapid Transit will face Sixth street and will have a terminal of its own, not to be confused with the base for Joe's Taxi fleet. Definitely, the pro-

(Continued on Page Ten)

Furnishings from Rudolph's Furniture Store

Have helped contribute to the charm and comfort of the

PINE INN

Sunset Menu

March 31-April 4

Monday — Cream of celery soup, succotash, tagliarini, coconut peach salad, ice cream.

Tuesday—Cream of pea soup, beets, beef stew, apple-cottage cheese salad, peach cobbler.

Wednesday—Vegetable beef soup, artichokes, rice, carrot shrimp salad, ice cream.

Thursday—Cocoa, corn, hamburgers, molded fruit salad, apple sauce and cookie.

Friday—Rice-tomato soup, asparagus, creamed tuna and noodles, egg salad, cream puffs.

+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost \$1.00 for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Pine Inn Renewed

Our part in the rejuvenation of Pine Inn was the painting of the original building and hanging all of the paper, including that fine red stuff in the cocktail bar.

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The New **PINE INN**

PINE INN, Carmel's first hotel, has been newly remodeled and modernized, with all the care and sympathy that go into the restoration of a beloved old house. Now, as a sincere tribute to the worldwide tradition of country hospitality, it offers more comfort and friendliness than ever before.

The lobby has been made a room in which you'll really enjoy living. Franklin Stoves invite you to comfortable corners for reading or conversation. There are Currier and Ives Prints and unusual old furniture to add further warmth.

You'll find the dining room and terrace give an exhilarating atmosphere for all the meals of the day. Near the terrace are the new Pine Inn Shops, in which to find the treasures one expects of Carmel.

At cocktail time, the fire is lighted in the "Red Parlor's" rare old Cast-Iron Fireplace. Here you're sure to enjoy Walter's excellent service and a charming view of the gardens.

Naturally, bedrooms form the most important asset of a fine hotel, and Pine Inn's have been given special consideration. Each of them now has a pleasant outlook toward the ocean or into the sunny central garden, and at night windows open to pine fragrance and the freshness of the sea. Each of the bedrooms has been decorated individually, and you'll find homelike things in them all. The bathrooms are completely modern and a shower has been put in each.

A word about the food. This will also be a departure from the old to the new. There are a Salad Bar and a Buffet Table in the dining room, to supplement the hot dishes from the kitchen.

Three young men are to be credited with the restoration of Pine Inn. John Konigshofer, as architect, designed the additions and planned the remodeling; James Kemble Mills supervised the interior decoration and appointments. Thomas D. Church did the landscape design for the entire project.

We hope to contribute to the pleasant living which is traditional in Carmel. This has been our only thought in designing and rebuilding the new Pine Inn.

HARRISON GODWIN
MANAGING OWNER



From Englewood, New Jersey, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Mitchell, the former Betty Hyde, write that they have a son, Bob, Jr., born March 9.

+
Warren Johnston was in town last week-end but spent most of his time under his car, Velocipede, pondering vehicular behaviorism. He sped (hyperbole) back to Cal in it, Sunday afternoon, so something must have conditioned it into action.

+
There are Stanford Kappas at the Penfield house on North Carmelo. There is a party of Mills' girls at the Davis cottage on the point. Palo Alto High School has a quorum at Hilliard House on San Antonio. Education has relaxed.

+
The Edgren House is filled with Stanford Indians.

+
Blackie O'Neal is staying with Lt. and Mrs. James Karst Connell until he goes back to Hollywood the first of the week. After he cleans up any business that can't do without him, he will return to Carmel to complete the summer stock company arrangements.

+
Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Kellogg are beaming over the birth of a granddaughter born in Sacramento March 19 to their son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kellogg.

+
She's had it in mind for almost three years and now she's going to do it. Mrs. Don MacFadden left from San Francisco Wednesday to sail on the S. S. America for a three weeks' cruise to Panama and back. She's really going for the boat trip, for she'll be in Panama only three days before getting on the S. S. Washington and coming home again—but life on that brand new luxurious liner, the America, won't be a bit hard to take and the whole little news items is a pretty mean thing to drop in a newspaper office which is in the throes of fighting off a violent attack of Spring fever.

+
Major and Mrs. Milo A. Matteson have Mrs. Matteson's mother, Mrs. W. R. Franklin, visiting with them at their Carmel Point home for a couple of months. Mrs. Franklin is from El Paso, Texas.

+
Eddie Campbell just can't stay away from the stuff—He has gone from Mixologist at the Snack to the wholesale liquor business with Glazer Brothers in Salinas.

+
Mr. and Mrs. Hart Johnston of Chicago ended their two weeks' visit at Del Monte Lodge with a farewell cocktail party at the Lodge for all their many Peninsula friends. John Cromwell, the movie director, has been up from Hollywood to visit the Johnstons.

+
Mrs. Stuart Haldorn left last week-end for the East on an unexpected visit to see her brother-in-law, Daulton Mann, who is vice-president of the Grace Line, and who is very ill in a Boston hospital. Mrs. Haldorn will stay with her sister, Ethel, who is Mrs. Daulton Mann.

+
Mrs. Florence Brown and Mrs. James C. Doud entertained Mrs. Hazel Ingels Sharon and Mrs. Henry Giebel last Friday

afternoon for luncheon at Del Monte Lodge. Mrs. Sharon and Mrs. Giebel are from Bronxville, N.Y., and are making their headquarters at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco while they are in California. Mrs. Giebel's daughter, Mrs. William Webster, Jr., is a close friend of Anne Barrows, also of Bronxville, who is now living in Carmel.

+

Golfers who have come to take part in the current golf tournaments and who are staying at Del Monte Lodge are Clara Callendar of Los Angeles, Miss Happy Rand of Los Angeles, Miss Barbara Beach Thompson of Stockton, Mrs. Oscar Oldknow of Los Angeles, Miss Esther Clink of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gardner of Beverly Hills, Mrs. Louis Langfield of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Lewis of Beverly Hills and Bing Crosby of Hollywood.

+

Mrs. Jaffrey Harris and Anne Barrows have been spending the last week in Hollywood with Mrs. Rose Morton, Mrs. Harris' mother, and will return in time for the Templeton concert tomorrow night.

+

Word has been received from Larry Williams, former Carmel resident who was called to report for military duty in Vancouver early last Spring, that he has qualified in his exams 'Common to All Arms' Second Lieutenant to First Lt., and expects to get an appointment right away. Seventy-three per cent failed in the first exam so Larry was pretty confident. He writes that he misses his Carmel friends and his cabin up the valley and we miss Larry, too, and his barbecues and picnics.

+

Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin Ogden, parents of Terry Ogden, are in Carmel on one of their frequent visits. Their plans to continue south were nearly precipitated without benefit of passage last week when they saw their daughter, Mrs. Vivian Ogden Holdridge, off to Honolulu. Their farewell was interrupted by the shudder of the Lurline slipped along her keel Time and the gangplank had long departed. Well, they had to put the gangplank back again and the Ogdens had to get off. "He was the nicest Captain," according to Mrs. Ogden. "He was such a gentleman," I'll bet!

+

Honoring Mrs. J. P. Connor, a former Mills' classmate, Pat

Pine Inn Shops Keeping Provincial Theme of the Main Building

(Continued from Page Nine)

Vincial touch will not come out. Loava Carter could not be reached in regard to her plans when this paper went to press. It is known she will have a dress shop, and, in the nature of things, the decor will lend itself to carpeting and ball-fringed chintz. We can imagine a lot but we really don't know a thing about it.

The Pet Shop, which used to be on Alvarado street, in Monterey, is leaving that location and will move into one of the Pine Inn places. There will be supplies for pets and advice for their owners. Lloyd Lemon is an old professor at this sort of thing with experience in canines, felines and egg-laying vertebrates. In addition to the pet supplies there will be a line of sports goods. It seems, people who like animals also buy bullets. Ducks, you know.

Jon Konigshofer, who designed the new Pine Inn, is moving into an office above the passageway leading to the patio.

Democratic Women Will Discuss Welfare

At the regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Women's Democratic Club to be held at 2 o'clock, Friday, April 4, at the home of Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger on Carmel Point, members will discuss "Social Welfare" in its relation to our local, county and state needs.

Miss Clara Kellogg will address the meeting and lead the discussion. Her subject will be "Surplus Commodities and Our Public School."

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger will tell of the progress made in State Relief through our State Legislature's SRA program. All club members and Carmel women voters interested in joining this club are invited.

Coblentz invited a number of friends to tea last Wednesday. Capt. and Mrs. Connor have just returned from their honeymoon and are living in Carmel.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Templeton will make their residence at La Playa Hotel while here for Templeton's concert Saturday night. They will arrive Saturday noon and leave sometime Sunday. Templeton stayed at La Playa the last time he was here, but this time he has a Mrs. Templeton to register, too.

Del Monte Properties Co.

announce the opening of their

CARMEL OFFICE

in its new location in the

PINE INN GARDEN STUDIOS



Our listings include all Del Monte Properties subdivisions, Carmel Property, Carmel Valley ranches as well as rental of homes.



Del Monte Properties Co.

Telephone, Carmel 1200

ure marching have been added to the activities of Mrs. Ann B. Uzzells Tuesday and Thursday evening classes for women in the gym at Sunset School. Other activities include exercise to 'trim the figure,' deck tennis and badminton.

+++

"Reality" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, March 30, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "The Lord hath brought forth our righteousness: come, and let us declare in Zion the work of the Lord our God."

MARION KINGSLAND

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Game Cock Lending Library

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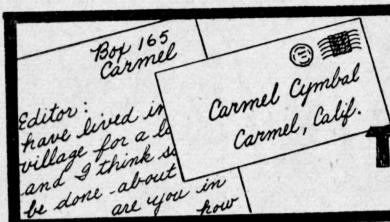
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THE NEW

PINE INN

The Carmel Cymbal



LETTERS TO THE PAPER

Editor, The Cymbal:

We were glad to learn that traffic conditions and the safety of Scenic Road are being considered by the Council. Your plan sounds excellent but, if you had lived at Tenth and Scenic for the last ten years as we have, you would know to your sorrow that speeding and reckless driving are indulged in on this street as much or more so than on any other street in town. I walk them all and in my experience none of the streets are as dangerous for pedestrians and animals as this same ocean drive of ours. We are also worried over the fact that it is used so much as a truck boulevard—all kinds of trucks and through the week and especially on week-ends dozens of Army trucks loaded with soldiers dash by. Each day the Parlor Car Tours lumber by us at too fast a rate of speed to call it sightseeing. Today we were treated to an enormous Santa Fe Sleeper Coach which was almost too large to get around the curves. The weight of these huge vehicles shakes and cracks our cottages walls and cannot but fail to weaken the cliffs and make the road unsafe. Perhaps members of the Council live too far from Scenic Drive to appreciate the conditions. Thank you for writing this up.

G. C. SEMMONS

Carmel, Mar. 23.

+

HAS SOME SUGGESTIONS OR
'WHERE IS GOD?'

Dear Editor:

Having read with interest some words written in reply to your query, "Where is God?", would like to offer some suggestions. By "God" do you mean an extra-cosmic entity, done in human form probably with a long grey beard and kindly blue eyes, according to pictures in old text books we have seen?

Or the "commonly accepted" "personal God"? The origin of "personal" makes the term difficult to apply to a Supreme Being, for in its basic meaning "personal" means a mask or illusion covering an indwelling reality. Personalities are changeable and perishable, and who thinks of the Supreme Deity as a perishable thing?

If you refer to an Eternal, Omnipresent, Boundless and Immutable Principle, on which all human speculation is futile, then your question is already answered, for "omnipresent" means "everywhere." This seems to be in accordance with the teachings of all the great saviours and philosophers of ancient and modern times.

Hegel puts it, "God objectivates Himself in Nature." In other words, what we call "Nature" represents many aspects of God's body"—or His "personality," if you like — hence God (a supreme Principle) not only dwells in, but is, every atom on the universe. One may consider St. Paul's words referring to that "in which we live, move and have our being."

Hegel appears to use the customary masculine pronoun for the Deity, but in truth what finite mind can determine the sex of an Eternal, Omnipresent, Boundless and Immutable Principle? Oriental philosophers speak reverentially of "That which—," but do not presume to speculate upon the nature or attributes of * * * that.

The Talmud offers a fine bit of advice for those who would exercise their own thought-machines in the quest for God: "If

you would know the invisible, open wide thine eye upon the visible." To perceive God manifesting through even the meanest form in objective life would be quite a step toward unmasking the "great illusion," as esotericists call the visible word of which we are all so fond. Did not Jesus try to show the people how to see the universal laws by analogical comparison with every-day doings? What else are the parables?

—MILES MAC ALPIN

+

BOMBS LAND IN LONDON,
BUT CYMBAL DOESN'T;
IT STARTS, HOWEVER

2, Claremont Gardens,
Ebury Road,
Sherwood Rise,
NOTTINGHAM

17th February, 1941

My Dear Bassett:

For some weeks now I have missed the weekly ray of California sunshine in the shape of the "Cymbal." Whether that is due to enemy action or not I cannot tell, but perhaps it is because my subscription has expired. Now getting money out of England under existing circumstances for such things as newspapers even for such a paper as the "Cymbal," is considered unnecessary by the powers that be. However, I think if you will say a word to Trev. Shand, he will put that right for me. If not, I expect my credit is still good with Charlie Berkey for the price of a year's renewal.

Carmel looks a long piece away these days, but we often talk about it and think of our many friends there, and when I think of Carmel, I always remember your appearance on Ocean avenue wearing a silk hat selling "Pine Cones" with the announcement that it was Carmel's only newspaper.

I believe nearly every issue of every paper in the States contains an article on England in war time, so I won't worry you with any more of it, except to say that instead of spending our evenings rehearsing shows as we used to in Carmel, we don a tin hat and respirator and go on some sort of duty in case the huns take a notion to get fresh.

I served for a while with the Home Guards, but the last war caught up with me, and after a series of operations resulting

from shrapnel which I took on board in 1915, I found it impossible to do a night's soldiering after a day's work, but it does make me homesick to watch a regiment marching past, and recalls some marvelous companionships of 1914-18.

Everyone in England feels deeply grateful for the help we are receiving from your good country. We were all good democrats until a couple of weeks ago when Wendell Wilkie came over here. Now I am afraid it would not do for Roosevelt to annex England as part of the United States, as Wendell Wilkie would probably get about 300,000,000 votes.

Please convey my kindest regards to my many good friends in Carmel, and accept for yourself all good wishes and success to the "Cymbal."

METZ DURHAM

+ + +

All Saints Services

All Saints' Service of the Holy Communion will be at 8 a.m. Meeting at 9:30, are the Church School Classes for young people of all ages. At 11, is the Service of Morning Prayer at which the Rev. Marius J. Lindloff, student chaplain at the University of California, will deliver the sermon. The offertory anthem will be King Hall's "Hear Me When I Call" sung by the full vested choir under the direction of Reu E. Manhire. An Admission Service to the Choir Membership will be a part of the 11 a.m. service.

Members of All Saints' Choir will appear on a half hour program of the Pacific Grove Singing Tower from 5 to 5:30 p.m. Sunday afternoon. Those going over are Gail Johnson, Jane Haskell, Ann Rudderow, Kathleen Baker, Pat Shephard, Dorothy Baker, Judith McMahon, Arch Leonard and Reu E. Manhire.

+ + +

Fire Auxiliary Whist
Party Successful

The second of the series of whist parties to be given through the year by the Fire Department Women's Auxiliary was held on Wednesday, Mar. 19, at the Fire House. There were nine tables which all helped to raise some money and some of those present were lucky enough to carry home some prizes.

Barney Bracisco won first prize, Mrs. D. L. Dawson, second, Mrs. Juney Lee won both third prize and the door prize, Mrs. Fred Mylar got the fourth and Mrs. Sarah Orr won fifth.

BAY RAPID TRANSIT CO.

NEW DEPOT

WILL BE LOCATED AT 6th & LINCOLN

PINE INN

Garden Court

(Headquarters will be moved soon from Joe's Taxi)

DEPOT—CARMEL 1120

OFFICE—MONTEREY 3670

Margaret Monk Reviews
Books at Sunset

Margaret Monk will open the first of a series of six reviews of current books Monday evening at 8 o'clock in room 5, Sunset School. This will be a continuation of the class in philosophy which was completed last week with a brief consideration of contemporary philosophers. The philosophy class has been an outstanding success and its members will welcome the new series in a field in which Mrs. Monk has had much experience and success.

One or more new books will be considered each evening. For

the first Mrs. Monk has chosen to repeat the review of Willa Cather's "Sapphira The Slave Girl" which she gave to the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club, and to the University Women's Club of Pacific Grove. In her reviews she gives enough of the author's background to show its effect on his book, brings out the strong points in style, picturization of philosophy expressed and makes use of her stage and radio training and experience to illustrate her points.

+ + +

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ANTIQUESadd to the authenticity of the
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FOUNDATION GARMENTS
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HOSIERY - BEACH CLOTHES

March 28, 1941

FASHIONS IN THE NEWS

Unless you have seen the porcelain chemin de fer on which she came riding how can you more than surmise that Spring is here?

On gilt wheels, the pink-bouqueted bit of Ormolu glitters on its waxed pedestal of table at the Wick Parsons' shop. Out of its antique chimney plumes of tamarisk ascend the air, sparked with coral bells. Such unnatural flaming is possible only because the fuel bin is a crowd of pansies and mallows. From such gathering as this are fantasies designed.

The engine, entirely practical, is a liqueur flask whose petcock is the head of a triton.

+

Now, if you are sure about spring, you will want to do one of these things: Get your garden started, dig for abalones, build a bird house, drive over toward Watsonville to see the wild lupin, or up the Carmel Valley to see the paint brush and poppies, take a trip, get married or buy some new clothes. Some people are satisfied with just having their hair parted on the other side.

+

Pass the comb to Lou Kramer.

+

The seeds I put into my garden last month are still there. I wouldn't be surprised if the sweet peas are already in the mesozoic strata. I'm not much better with abalones or bird houses or husbands. I'm skilled on taking trips but I'm afraid to chance that subject while I am under lease to W. K. Bassett. So, I shall have to decide between wild flowers and clothes.

Yes, I have seen the first flowers of spring with all their attendant mystery. There was a day in the country just outside of Old Lyme. That day the sky was as low as the tree tops, an impenetrable wet gauze which wrapped us all into its blue mist. Leafless in April, the trees stood apart from the house on the side near the meadow. About their thin-boled bodies and their branches the blue moistness gathered full and soft. The grass of the meadow was very young. It unfolded out of the soundless mist. Standing on it the trees, motionless, wrapped in their cowls, seemed like medicants come to beg at medieval walls. The closest tree was the largest. It had become their leader, standing ahead of the others. Suddenly I saw that a hand had flung them a recompense of coins. Golden and new, the dandelions lay scattered at their feet.

+

Apropos of coins, the Fraser Looms are making Scotch tam coin purses in authentic plaids, identified in their suede linings. They are capacious, may be folded flat and are pretty cute. Bougainvillea is the new color on the looms. In men's ties it is sensational. There are hats, too, homespun and originally designed in three styles. The peasant skating cap, the cossack, and the overseas. Each is hand-made with the distinction becoming a weave of art. In one cap there were more than 40 separate patterns blended together.

+

Were I a very little girl I should tempt somebody into buying me that white Easter rooster at Jack and Jill's. I mean the one whose red comb

perks up so haughtily and whose wattles wobble down so jauntily. With his neck in a red ribbon, he side-ways peers with a most superior peer as if he had withdrawn above his silly yellow nose into a fowl sphere.

Ballerina is the word for dress. Anna Katz has them either in cotton freshness, or uncrushable linen amazement. One, a Holland blue skirt, gathered to a side bow, has a white voile peasant blouse squared off with embroidery. An amethyst batik muslin, a coconut brown with white braided scrolls, and others I'll let you see for yourself, while I look at these umbrella skirts wrapped on sticks. They're an idea borrowed from India. Wash the full cotton bellow, wrap securely on supplied

stick, tie with raffia. Wait to dry. It comes out crinkling. When you put it away, simply twist into a Vienna roll and relax.

+

Do you sometimes wish you had ridden the Pony Express? If part of the costume will satisfy the longing, see the suede money bags, fringed and brilliantly dyed, which the Game Cock is so proud to show you.

+

Are you a 36 or 38 and not dieting? Do you want a silk suit, or a print, that has color and dash to it and that you don't have to be cinched into a size 16 to get? They are waiting for you at the Country Shop. The 16's are also there. See the one with the needle and

Robles Del Rio Lodge Sprucing Up for New Season

Robles Del Rio Lodge is brushing off its top hat and straightening its white tie and is getting ready to crawl out from its winter hibernation for what promises to be a thriving season. Bill Woods, owner and manager, came back a week ago from a three months' visit in Palm Springs and to get everything underway up the valley. The pool is being drained and scrubbed, the barbecue pit is having a shine put on it, the cabins and the club house are all being slicked up and a bunch of new employees is being rounded up to fill the vacancies left by the draft and various staff-depleting elements.

Woods has been at El Mirador in Palm Springs since January, partly for business and partly for pleasure, and plans to have the Lodge reopened officially by Friday, April 11, in time for Easter. But until then the doors are closed, as it's going to be a pretty hard job to get it open even in three weeks. By that time the pool will be filled with fresh Carmel River water, some of Bill's inimitable steaks will be sizzling on the pit, and a new chef will be doing culinary gymnastics in the kitchen.



SPRING PASTELS

Flower-fresh are the Spring-Pastels in garden grown prints and solid colors. Simple clean-cut lines bear out the credo . . . "the less fuss, the more fashion!" Dresses that step out to greet the Spring. Sizes 10 to 20. \$8.95 to \$25.

The Cinderella Shop

OCEAN AVENUE



stick, tie with raffia. Wait to dry. It comes out crinkling. When you put it away, simply twist into a Vienna roll and relax.

+

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spool idea.

We ocean dwellers find shells a bit boring as they lie bone-like on the sand. But those others, the pink and lavender and green conches from south latitude 34, and those pikake leis they send us, those bits of painted coral strung together? Any mermaid investment for

you? How about the tiniest clam shells painted to match your color scheme?

Then how about seeds? They're out of Ferry packages and into the Corner Cupboard. Jacaranda pods, melon seeds, wild things speckled from the hills and taking on the look of Chinese carvings or leopard

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Silk Print Suits

The perfect choice for an Easter ensemble is a silk print dress with jacket to match or with jacket in plain colored wool to harmonize. These two piece print suits are in pastels or brilliant colors and conservative blues. Sizes 11 to 38. \$25 to \$32.50.

THE COUNTRY SHOP

Ocean at Lincoln

Telephone 400



PENNEY'S EASTER FASHIONS

FOUR WINNERS!



New York Notions That Catch Your Eye in 1941

COATS and SUITS

Just arrived at Penney's! Stunning fitted, boxy or wrap-around coats in suede-cloth, fleeces, tweeds, dresser twills and sponges! Trim jaunty suits with softer shoulders, and smart longer jackets, in Glen plaids, pastel shetlands, soft tweeds and twills! See them today! 12-20, 38-44.

9.90

PENNEY'S

Mitzi Marionettes Coming to Carmel Next Saturday

Perhaps Aggie will have a chance at last when she comes to Carmel. Aggie is a black velvet spider covered with lots of fascinating spangles who was created eight months ago and who has been waiting all this time for her chance to step before the footlights. Aggie's moment is about to come, for Mitzi Eaton and Kent Munson think that they'll be able to find a place for Aggie when they bring their Carmel Marionette show back for one week only beginning Saturday, April 5 at the Carmel Studio Theatre behind the Playhouse. There will be performances every afternoon at 2 and at 8 each evening with Don Blanding's, "Are You a Bug?" being alternated with "The Magic Chest" which will be the first time since last September that they've played two nights in succession at the same place. Since last Fall they've been on the road busy breaking attendance records at 12 schools and playing to some 34,000 school children in the Bay area as well as some women's clubs. All of which has been registered physically on their stage which has been put up and taken down so many times that only the addition of more and more bolts has saved it from a complete collapse.

Besides playing to audiences of regular school children, they have particularly enjoyed playing to groups of Chinese children, crippled children and children of the poorer classes who were temporarily removed from their sad environments by the delightful little figures of the sawdust and string world. Mitzi had lots of charming stories about her marionette

(Continued from Page Twelve)
teeth (as if runed under the spell of astronomical abortions). Nuts and pits and seeds. Are there no diamonds in the house? The Jewelers' union will be putting legislation through the congress. Then we can go back to beads and bamboo.

+

If spring has a taste, and you not a hummingbird to sip nectar from genista, you will conjure up barbecued steer, smoke-bittered and tender. One starts at dawn to barbecue, the pit having been burned down to coals through the night. If the roasting is not your forte, but the quartering and slicing is, then you may like to wear a chef's cap and go into the thing with costume. If grilling in the patio is more in your manner, you may still enjoy the chef appeal. Denslow's have cap, grill, tongs and apron.

+

India's earth is red. India is teeming with elephants. What else but to put the latter on the former and label it Cabbages and Kings, a square of silk

scarf for the local rajahs.

+

In a pumpkin, cocopalm is without destiny. Bewitched into Cinderella's carriage, palms pop into hats. Supple straw-braided casuals which block into style as easily as mice into steeds. In this magic atmosphere panamas also make something of themselves. Bleach is not the only shade for panama. There are pastels, black, brown and navy, all true dyes perfected for Knox. Try on one of these glass slippers and see whose princess you might be.

+

Just in case you are a stereopticon lover at heart, Spencer's has an eye-piece which flicks a reel of natural-colored views at you in three dimensions. Looking at flowers this way you are right there hanging from the stamens. Looking at Crater Lake, you take your feet out of the water.

+

Yes, it is definitely spring. Kip's has a tub of Watsonias among the peonies and daffodils out front by the pineapples.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

family—Firefly has been their continual problem child and like the human actor who has but a small bit part causes more trouble than the rest of the cast put together. Firefly just has to come on the stage once and say, "Widdy, widdy, widdy, but Firefly is always losing his lantern, always getting his strings tangled and always managing to gum up the works some way.

Firefly and Aggie and all the rest will be here for a whole week so that the children who have seen the show before may see it again and so that new

children may be intrigued for the first time. Mitzi and Kent have several handfuls of letters from the schools at which they have played commanding them on their show, but it doesn't take a bunch of letters to convince Carmel of the entertainment quality both for children and adults of these marionettes, for Carmel was the birthplace of these little figures of fantasy.

+ + +

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WOODS' DOLORES PHARMACY
PHONE 168

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V or Crew neck Pullover 5.00
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HOLMAN'S
COMPLETE MEN'S SHOP — MAIN FLOOR

Jay Cees

NEWS OF SALINAS JUNIOR COLLEGE

By KATHRYN HAMM and EVALINE DIEKEMPER

Reports from the athletic department at Junior College state that ED GARGUILLO is making his first attempt on the Panther tennis squad. ED has shown his skill in the game on Carmel courts and now has made enough of an impression on the authorities to be ranked among the top players on the S.J.C. tennis ladder.

+
Relaxing from a hard day's session at the press convention at University of California, and at the same time taking in a bit of the legitimate stage, RUTH MILLER and DAWN OVERHULSE just couldn't miss the opportunity of seeing William Saroyan's play "Time of Your Life," which is currently playing in San Francisco. To quote the girls it "really laid us in the aisle."

+
Carmelites star again, and as usual they are showing their talent in the line of drama. The Salinas Junior College drama class is rehearsing a radio play, "Wild Waters," which will be presented soon over station KDON. In the cast will be EVALINE DIEKEMPER, who incidentally is mastering all those tricky sound effects needed for this play, and CAROL

PERSONALITIES & PERSONALS



Loa Lloyd arrived today from San Francisco to spend the week-end with Pat Hawthorne. She will drive to Glendale at the first of the week to bring her young son, Don, to Carmel for the Easter holidays. This is all causing her to be looking for a woman to chaperone Don on the Daylight when he returns to Glendale April 12. Anyone fitting this description may apply at the Mission Ranch Club at 820.

+
Disclosing the Las Vegas marriage of their daughter, Hazel, to Sgt. John Tovo of Fort Ord, on Feb. 15, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mylar announce that the couple are now living in Carmel.

+
Professor Emeritus and Mrs. Arthur M. Cathcart of Stanford were week-end guests of the Webster Streets. Professor Cathcart spoke before the Monterey Peninsula Republican Women's Club.

+
Seven years old last week, patriotic Peter Hatton made the most of his birthday. He asked for flags of all nations and a red, white and blue cake. Seven pals helped wave the flags and eat cake. They were Peter Cooke-Ley, Gordon Martin, Jerry Northrup, Skipper Lloyd, John Loden, Jay Hippie and Gilbert Neale.

+
Mrs. Frances T. Daniels, wife of Mark Daniels, died suddenly in San Francisco Wednesday. Formerly of Pebble Beach, her loss will be felt by many friends on the Peninsula.

+
Guided by a picture postal card of Ocean avenue, given to her by Mrs. Ogden last year, a childhood chum of Terry's, Mrs. Ernest Bantley, found the Ogden studio and popped in to surprise everybody off their feet.

CARD, who is making a wonderful first attempt at that sort of thing, radio speaking, of course.

+
Turning to more trivial things now, we come to Salinas Junior College's organized intramural teams. Carmel is well represented by a bowling team called THE YARDBIRDS, which is composed of Yardbirds: ROSS, LESLIE, KNAPP, ASKEW and EVANS. Even though the boys are not in the lead, they seem to be holding their own in the tournament, and they say it's more fun than work. Another Carmelite going in for the bowling fad is RAY WOOLSEY. RAY is the only local boy on the team called UNKNOWN. Oh, well, that's college for you.

Kappa Kappa Gamma Luncheon Monday

All active and alumni members of Kappa Kappa Gamma on the Peninsula are invited to meet at a luncheon to be given Monday, Mar. 31, at the Normandy Inn.

Mrs. Peter Burk will be hostess and reservations must be made with her by Saturday. Her phone number is Carmel 644.

With her husband and two friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Strant, the party drove from Manchester, Conn., which used to be the Ogden's home town.

+
Marian Todd is home again, feeling ever so much better after her two weeks' rest in the hospital. She is staying in bed and doesn't think she'll be about for another week or more.

+
Linda Cooke-Ley may be seen about town in slacks these days which verifies the report that she is no longer at Holman's. Linda is doing again the thing she likes best, which is decorating from her own studio. She has a sleeveful of Ideas which just popped up with spring. If you have ever seen a house done by Linda, you will know that all Ideas of hers are spelled with capitals.

+
Johnny Campbell is back in Carmel from Pensacola with lots of hours in the air behind him and an "Ensign" in front of him. He has been here visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Argyll Campbell, for the last two weeks and plans to leave shortly for Florida again where he will act as an instructor to the novices trying to get their wings.

He went through all five squadrons in training, those for primary, formation, instrument, seaplanes and the patrol bombers, which means just as much work as it sounds. He hopes eventually to get stationed out here on the coast some time so there won't be so many months between the times he can come back and see his family and his old home town.

+
Mrs. Arla Burr, mother of

NOTICE — [Information]

J. D. RESETYLO, TAILOR

FOR MEN and WOMEN

HAS MOVED

from his former location in "Drive-In" Market to 135 Franklin Street, Room 203 on Second Floor, Between Alvarado and Main.

DIFFICULT ALTERATIONS — THE KIND YOUR CLEANER DOES NOT MAKE

P. S.—I Have no Telephone—The Cost is Too High

John Burr of Carmel and Albert Burr, stationed at Fort Ord arrived yesterday from New York for a few weeks' reunion with her sons.

+
Last Friday, March 21 Susie Ellen Duvall, popular local pianist and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jess Duvall of Carmel, and Edward E. Lee of Fort Ord were married by the Monterey Justice of the Peace. Susie, who has been studying with David Alberto for the last year, is the indispensable woman of the music department at the Ruth Austin dance studio.

+
Lt. Roy Craft returned last Saturday from a two weeks' trip to Washington where he attended for five days the War Department Public Relations Conference. Lt. Craft is connected with the publicity department at Fort Ord and is editor of the army newspaper Panorama.

+
It will be the Clayton B. Neill family who will take the place of Mrs. Alice Josselyn and her son Winsor in their home on Guadalupe street at the top of Ocean avenue hill for the sale of the Josselyn house to the Neills has just been transacted. Mrs. Josselyn will go to San Francisco for several weeks and will return perhaps to build a home somewhere on the Peninsula. In the meantime Winsor will live in Monterey.

+
Mr. and Mrs. Jack B. Geisen, Jr., arrived on the Peninsula last Wednesday to spend a few days at Del Monte. Geisen and his wife, the former Florence Brown, have been traveling a great deal in Northern California in connection with business.

+
Cunningham Show of Paintings at Lial's

April 15 promises to be a red-letter day in Peninsula art circles, for it will mark the opening of Mrs. John Cunningham's portrait show at the Lial Studios, upstairs, at 490 Alvarado in Monterey. "Pat" Cunningham, as she is known to her friends, has set down in oil, for all the world to see, the faces of 15 prominent Peninsula inhabitants. "Framed," and liking it, will be Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann, Mrs. Martin Flavin, Mrs. Atkinson Klotz, Mrs. George Murray, Mrs. Marie Short, Mrs. Thea Winter, Mrs. Golden Whitman, Miss Betty Work, Erin McCauley, Maeve Greenan, Noel Sullivan, George Kerr, Lee Crowe, Eric Short, Jose Pavon (grandson of two presidents of Mexico — Pavon and Santa Ana). To complete her showing, Mrs. Cunningham will exhibit portraits of John Cunningham, Ashley Anthony Cunningham, and a self-portrait. All of which goes to prove that shoemakers' children may wear no shoes, but artists' families certainly get painted.

+
George P. Faris, the son of Mrs. George D. Adams of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, was married last week in Crown Point, Ind., to Billee Allen of Sacramento following his graduation from the United States Naval Reserve academy at Northwestern University.

Reilly Offers Carmel Hope

(Continued from Page One)
been informed they have such wide powers. If what you say is true, I promise you the cities of Monterey and Carmel have found a perfect solution to their problem.

+
Carmel and Monterey have my promise tonight that there will be no transfer of liquor licenses into these communities, at least until the board has adopted its policy in regard to military training centers.

+
Douglas School Notes

Visitors to watch the U. S. Women's Polo Association games last Sunday were Mrs. R. M. Allan from San Marino with her son, Robert, student at Stanford; Mrs. Floyd Turner with her mother, Mrs. Morris of Pasadena; Stewart Moody from Los Angeles; Mrs. Barbara Trippet; Mrs. Horace Blackburn (June McCurdy James, Douglas alumnae). Two Douglas teams scored over Pogonip and Palo Alto, 2 to 1 and 5 to 1, respectively.

+
Guests of Sweet Briar Alumnae, at tea Saturday in honor of Dr. Meta Glass, president of the Virginia college, were Mrs. Douglas and other head-mistresses of northern schools. Also invited were Mrs. Russell Havenstrite, with her daughter, Phyllis, and Mrs. Sidney Fish, with her daughter Sheila Moore. Phyllis and Sheila Moore will attend Sweet Briar this fall.

The annual school pack trip

to San Clemente Dam occurs this week-end. While part of the school will ride over the mountain to the cabin, the others will drive on ahead to open up and prepare the camp.

Dick Collins flies east Wednesday for a month's visit to Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina and New York. He expects to attend the Maryland Hunt Cup Races.

+ + +

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH
(Protestant : Episcopal)
MONTE VERDE AND OCEAN AVENUE
The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, Rector
"A House of Prayer for All People"

8:00 a.m. Holy Communion
9:30 a.m. Church School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel
Monte Verde St., one block North of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Service 11 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p.m.
Reading Room:
Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde Open Week Days 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Open Every Evening except Wednesday and Sundays, 7 to 9 Public Cordially Invited

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Carmel

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Claude Akins, Proprietor.

The Carmel Cymbal

Mrs. Harry Dick Ross To Talk on Jeffers' Country

Mrs. Harry Dick Ross will be the guest speaker before the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club next Wednesday at 10:30 a.m., at La Ribera hotel. She plans to speak on the emotional and geographical aspects of the Big Sur country, and of the people and landmarks there, as they relate to the work of Robinson Jeffers. Much of this material is also in a forthcoming book of Mrs. Ross' now at the publishers. Her authority to speak of this country comes from more than 20 years of life with it.

+ + +

Mary Wheldon Leaves Bank of Carmel Flat

Tomorrow Mary Wheldon will break away from her moorings at the Carmel Bank where she has been employed for the last 13 years and head southward for a brand-new job at San Pedro where she will work for the Los Angeles Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

Mary, who is a true Carmel daughter, leaves many friends in her wake both at the bank and all over the Peninsula as she forsakes us and becomes a resident of that south of the border country called Los Angeles county. We can't help but wish her lots of luck in her new job, but nevertheless we hate to see this sort of thing happen.

+ + +

Winners of Essay Contest Announced

Winners of the Americanism Essay Contest in the schools are Mary Louise Lodwell, 4th grade; Michael Monahan, 5th; Philip Downey, 6th; Betty Ann Sparks, 7th; Donald Pearson, 8th; and Jack Fremont, 9th. Each child read his own essay. District Americanism Chairman, Hayden Leve, spoke on Fifth Column activities. Other speakers of the evening were Col. T. B. Taylor, Bill Irvine, Arthur Hull and Otto W. Bardarson.

There was a birthday cake, topped with an American flag, in honor of the Legion's anniversary this month. Col. Taylor cut the first piece.

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Just in case YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE TOWN

Carmel, in a pine forest (Carmel-by-the-Sea on the unashamed records, and "nestled" in a pine forest, according to realtors), on the shore of the expansive Pacific Ocean, is about 130 miles south of San Francisco by road and rail, and about 330 miles north of Los Angeles (God help us!) by the naturally beautiful but peace-devastating new coast highway.

Within our corporate borders dwell during tranquil nine months of the year about 2,800 human beings of varying degrees of personal charm and about 1297 dogs, all lovable. We cover a geographical area of 425 acres and have 1602 dwellings. We tolerate 176 separate and distinct places of

churches. Directly adjacent to us, but not within our municipal city limits are residence sections known to us as Carmel Point, Carmel Woods, Pebble Beach, Hatton Fields and the Mission Tract, with an estimated aggregate population of 1000 humans. Dogs 187. Also using us for shopping purposes are Carmel Highlands, where State Senator Ed Tickle runs Highlands Inn, and the Carmel Valley. They have an estimated population of 400 humans. Dogs 88.

That gives us about 4,200 human beings and 1,572 dogs in "metropolitan" Carmel.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Keith B. Evans.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Bernard Rountree.

Commissioner of Streets—P. A. McCrory.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Herber Heron.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Frederick M. Godwin.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saldee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Hefling. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Walton. Roy Fraties, acting chief. Patrolmen—Earl Wermuth, Leslie Overhulse, Livingstone Hay. Desk Officer, John P. Van Epps.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. Fire House on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues.

The council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln streets. Hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books free to permanent residents inside the city limits. A charge of \$3 a year is made to residents in the Carmel district outside the city. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients and residents of less than six months duration, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. This is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Mission San Carlos Borromeo

del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. South on San Carlos continuing on winding road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular mass Sunday, 10 a.m. Visiting hours, weekdays, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street a half block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carel J. Hulsemé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Church School 9:30 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Church of The Wayfarer. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. James E. Crowther, D.D., pastor. Telephone 1540. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:30 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank Building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown

Business Directory

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50 x 80 Ft. LOT—Quick sale \$1400. 9th near Lincoln. South exposure. Must sell at once. Phone Mrs. Johnston at 1200 or 149. (tf)

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HOUSE TRAILER — De Luxe model—sleeps four — shower & toilet—dineette—modern kitchen. Equivalent to three room apartment will sell or exchange as down payment on Peninsula house. Address L-81, Cymbal Office. (tf)

district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees every day during summer. Telephone 282.

Carmel Playhouse. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth Avenue. Edward G. Kuster, manager. Exceptional films shown regardless of age or origin. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE

Seven Arts Building. Classes in all arts and crafts. Kit Whitman, director. Telephone 1222.

TELEGRAPH
Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, 630 or Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkley, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephones 15 and 95.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Dolores and Sixth. Telephone 40.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound train 8:40 a.m. Bus connection for Daylight—Limited 2:35 p.m. and 6:32 p.m. Southbound train 8:22 p.m. with through sleeper to Los Angeles. Bus connection with Daylights 9:37 a.m. and 1:27 p.m. Arrival from North, 11:12 a.m., 3 p.m., 6:52 p.m., 10:33 p.m. Arrival from South 7:22 a.m. Through sleeper from Los Angeles 4:17 p.m. and 8 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Pacific Greyhound Lines. Carmel office, south-west corner of Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 40. Departs from Carmel: Northbound, A.M., 6:45, 7:55; P.M., 12:50, 3:55, 6:05.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Southeast corner of Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, A.M., 8:05, 9:15 and 10:55. P.M., 12:45, 2:15, 3:45, 5:15 and 6:15. Leave Monterey for Carmel, A.M., 9:00, 10:40, 11:20. P.M., 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

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Vronsky and Babin Here April 5



The two-piano team, Vronsky and Babin, who will appear in the last concert of the Carmel Music Society's Winter Series have aroused a country-wide interest which has procured for them a full schedule for this, their fifth American Season. The success of these brilliant artists was assured from their first season. They came to this country in February 1937, known only to those musicians who had heard them abroad. Josef Hofmann was himself the prophet of their achievement.

They will appear at Sunset Auditorium Saturday, April 5, at 8:30 p.m.

After a thrilling concert in Baltimore, they went to Philadelphia, where they were received with such enthusiasm that they had to return for another concert a few weeks later. New York also heard them in two recitals and their great popularity on the air, with four guest appearances on nationwide hook-ups, made their position in the musical world secure.

The brilliance of this initial success ensured them of public favor, and last season they gave more than 50 concerts in 28 states.

Both are Russian born. Vitya

Vronsky, who is Mrs. Babin in private life, is small and vivacious. Her husband is tall, quiet and calm. Together they bear out the London Star's critical appraisal as "the perfection of two-piano playing." This art is so much more than a matter of two pianos playing together. It requires a sensitivity of response, and a profound understanding of the musical temperament of each artist by the other. It is something which must happen as a rare and fortunate bestowal of grace or not at all. Those who are not familiar with duo-piano work have a great treat in store for them when they hear these two masters of the difficult art. Those who understand its requirements will be amazed at the degree of perfection attained by these musicians. It will be a concert no music lover can afford to miss.

Tickets should be reserved early at Thoburn's, Ocean avenue, Carmel 62 or 22.

+ + +

With Jon Konigshofer acting as chief chef there was a very successful Bouillabaisse party at Stillwater Cove last Sunday afternoon. All those present did their own little bit by contributing either crabs, abalones or fish which they themselves had captured—and that was what made the Bouillabaisse. No outside help from fish markets was allowed, just what was caught that afternoon found itself in the large receptacle over the open fire on the beach which was stirred and sampled by Jon. Crab hunters, abalone priers and fishermen were Linda Cooke-Ley, Marie Elizalde, Barbara Klotz, Jane Fylling, John and

The Carmel Cymbal

'Little Nellie Kelly' Now; Sunday 'High Sierras'

"Little Nellie Kelly," starring Judy Garland, at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow, brings a familiar story to the screen. Charles Winninger, happy-go-lucky and irresponsible father, can't get along with Nellie's husband, a hundred percenter who brings them all to America and, himself, joins the New York police department.

Nellie succumbs ere long and little Nellie Kelly (both parts are played by Judy Garland) grows up to sing Irish airs and current streamlined ditties. She meets Dennis, but that is no go either with grandfather. There's a shilly climax and grandfather stalks out to drive a hansom cab in the park. He is earning his living at last. It took two generations of trying.

You will find Miss Garland a fine little actress, full-grown out of the Wizard of Oz and Mickey Rooney roles she has served well in apprenticeship.

"Keeping Company" is on the same bill and is as good a show as Nellie's. Frank Morgan, Irene Rich, Ann Rutherford and Virginia Weiler (she toe-danced in Philadelphia Story) make hash out of one couple's first married year. An old girl friend interrupts with a passion not ashes and a pest of a kid sister mangles everything in her mischievous clutches. Into the script they have squeezed national defense, Frank Morgan's comedy. Irene Rich's grape-juice figure and a hearty reconciliation expected by all.

Sunday brings "High Sierras," a gangster picture for Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. She is a taxi dancer and a killer's gal. He is a public enemy, defiant of all laws but those of the high Sierras. They have one of their own and it beats him.

A prank picture, "The Invisible Woman," played for comedy instead of horror, stars John Barrymore, Virginia Bruce is his subject. Among other things she gives him a swift kick in the pants.

+ + +

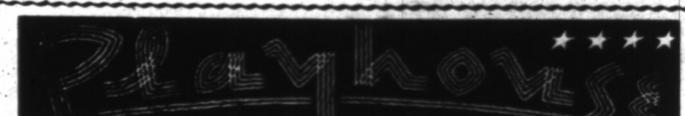
In his column recently Herb Caen said:

"Freddie Apostoli may no longer be the world's middle-weight champion, but he hasn't lost his eye for beauty; Madeline McDonagh, the model, for instance."

+ + +

CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

Pat Cunningham, Jon and Francis Konigshofer, George Autocourt, Herbert Vial, Earl Carpenter, Edward Mattas, Louis Conlan and Sam Colburn.



MONTE VERDE at 8th

SHOWS 7 & 9

SECOND and FINAL WEEKEND

The Famous Noel Coward Plays

"STILL LIFE"

"FUMED OAK"

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

Produced by Carmel Stage Guild

Directed by Edward Kuster

TONIGHT — TOMORROW — SUNDAY

MARCH 28 - 29 - 30

SEE REVIEW OF THESE PRODUCTIONS ON
PAGE 10 OF THIS ISSUE OF THE CYMBAL

March 28, 1941

Carmel Kite Festival at New Location Proves Big Success

Last Saturday afternoon at the Carmel High School athletic field winners in the Annual Carmel Kite Festival were:

Kindergarten to 3rd grade—

1st prize, Paul Hadley.

2nd prize, Lee Selvey.

3rd prize, Lee Poulsen.

4th prize, Earl White.

4th to 5th grades—

1st prize, Stephen Brook.

2nd prize, Donald Poulsen.

3rd prize, Mary Henderson.

4th prize, Frank De Amaral.

6th to 7th grade—

1st prize, Edgar Hoffman.

2nd prize, Douglas Calley.

3rd prize, Daniel Bell.

4th, tie, Jimmy Allen and Rickey Masten.

Prettiest Kite—

1st prize, Beickey Bell.

2nd prize, Tookie Ryan.
3rd prize, Nancy Poklen.
4th prize, June Kocher.

Oddest Kite—

1st prize, Walter Dean.

2nd prize, Edwin Bidwell.

3rd prize, Gerald Artellan.

4th prize, Jennefer Lloyd.

200 Foot Contest—

1st prize, Richard Mulhol-

land.

3rd prize, Tommy Hefling.

2nd prize, David Hudson (Bay School).

Highest Flying—

1st prize, Philip Downey.

2nd prize, Mike Ryan.

3rd prize, Owen Greenan.

Highest Flying—High School—

1st prize, Walt Wiese.

2nd prize, Russell Bohlke.

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CARMEL STUDIO THEATRE

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ONE WEEK ONLY

Beginning Saturday Matinee, April 5

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Return

MITZI EATON and KENT MUNSON

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LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

FULL LENGTH

GONE WITH THE WIND

NOTHING CUT BUT THE PRICE!

3 Shows Daily: 12:00 — 4:00 — 8:00

SUNDAY 55c, Tax Included—WEEK DAY, Matinee 44c, Nites 55c

CHILDREN Matinee 25c — Nite 55c No Seats Reserved

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DUO - PIANISTS**



SATURDAY, APRIL 5th at 8:30

SUNSET SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Tickets on Sale Daily — 11 to 4:30

at THOBURNS, OCEAN AVE., CARMEL, PHONE 62 or 23

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Finest Entertainment
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Perfect Sound
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Friday, Saturday, Mar. 28, 29
JUDY GARLAND
GEORGE MURPHY
LITTLE NELLIE KELLY
John Shelton, Ann Rutherford
Frank Morgan
KEEPING COMPANY
Sun., Mon., Tue., Mar. 30-31, Apr. 1
HUMPHREY BOGART
IDA LUPINO
HIGH SIERRA
The greatest action picture
in years

Wednesday, Thurs., April 2, 3
JOHN BARRYMORE
Invisible Woman
BOB CROSBY & ORCH.
JEAN ROGERS
Let's Make Music